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Without Concealment----Without Compromise.

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Selections.

From the London Daily News.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

A public meeting has been recently held at Finsbury Chapel, Moorfields, for the purpose of receiving Frederick Douglass, a fugitive American slave, and hearing from him a statement of the dreadful condition, both in law and practice, of 3,000,000 of slaves in the United States. It will be remembered by the readers of the Daily News, that at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, held at Freemasons' Hall, on Monday last, the protraction of the proceedings to an advanced hour, interfered with the promised oration, and in consequence an arrangement was made for a special meeting, hence the assemblage of last night. The place of meeting was filled soon after the doors were opened. Mr. Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, was called to the chair, and was supported on the platform by Mr. G. W. Alexander, Rev. J. H. Hinton, Rev. Dr. Carlile, M. Stafford Allen, Rev. Dr. Godwin, Rev. Dr. Campbell, and many other advocates of the anti-slavery cause. Mr. Frederick Douglass, in a speech which occupied upwards of two hours and a half in the delivery, detailed the horrors of the system of Slavery still practised in the Southern States of America—a system of which, as a slave, he had the personal knowledge which twenty-one years' experience was calculated to confer. He contended that though Slavery was recognized in fifteen States out of the twenty-eight, yet that Slavery was an United States institution, for that the free States afforded their aid and power to the slaveholding States to perpetuate the system, and, by these means, one-sixth of the population of democratic America were in a state of Slavery, and made a marketable commodity according to the will and caprice of their slaveholding masters. All the peculiar modes of torture formerly resorted to in the West Indies, including the whip, the gag, the thumb-screw, the fetters, the cat-hauling, the bloodhounds, were all in use at present in the United States. If anybody doubted the fact, he would appeal to "Dickens's American Notes," as he could to a thousand other witnesses, to prove the truth of his statement. Not only the laws, but the religion of the Southern States sanctioned the atrocities which were practised. Slavery was made part of the religion of the land, for the pulpit there stood forth the great defender of the accursed institution, and, in practice, fellow-men were sold to build churches—women were sold to endow them, and babes were sold to purchase Bibles and communion services. To get rid of such a system, he appealed to Great Britain to use her powerful influence with America to set free three millions of human beings. In this country Slavery had been denounced from every pulpit, and, by its means, to hold communion with slaveholders had become unpopular. He regretted deeply the course pursued by the deputation from the Free Church of Scotland, who had visited America two years ago, and had received pecuniary aid from the slaveholding States; and he hoped that the Free Church would be induced to make amends, by sending back the money to those guilty parties from whom it had been obtained—that this moral lesson would do more to unrivet the chains by which the slaves were held in thraldom, than any other means to which resort could be had. The speaker, who delivered himself with considerable clearness and much energy, was loudly cheered throughout his oration. The Rev. Dr. Campbell addressed the meeting, and expressed his conviction that the Free Church of Scotland would adopt the advice which had been tendered, and would send back the money collected in the slave States of America. The reverend gentleman moved a resolution, to the effect that the cordial thanks of the meeting be given to Frederick Douglass, the representative and advocate of three million American slaves, whose deplorable condition, both in law and practice, reflected the deepest disgrace upon the republican institutions and Christian professions of the United States, and excited in the heart of every friend of humanity and freedom the liveliest sympathy and commiseration. The resolution having been briefly seconded by Mr. G. W. Alexander, was carried by acclamation; as was also a second, moved by Mr. Joseph T. Price, of Swansea, seconded by Mr. Scoble, that it was the duty of the Free Church of Scotland to send back the money received from American slave-owners, and thus to give upright and Christian testimony against the crime of American Slavery. In the course of the evening it was stated that Frederick Douglass had left in America a wife and four children, and it was suggested that an effort ought to be made to bring his family to him, as he could not return to America without incurring the risk of being seized, and restored to his legal owner. To carry out this object, Mr. Sturge, and Mr. G. W. Alexander, at once put down their names for twenty pounds each. Their example was liberally followed, and it was determined, without delay, to send out for the wife and family. Mr. George Sampson concluded the proceedings by a short address, and the meeting broke up at half-past ten o'clock.

From the Boston Courier.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

A test vote was taken in the New Hampshire House of Representatives on Friday, upon the corporation question, the immediate subject before the House being "a bill authorizing the increase of capital stock in the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company; the question was on an amendment proposed by Mr. Swasey, of Haverhill, that the Legislature may, upon notice, and for cause, alter, amend, or repeal, this act, and the acts to which this is in addition," was taken by yeas and nays, and decided in the negative,—yeas 109, nays 132 There are about 260 members who hold seats in the House. Subsequently, a similar bill, concerning the Columbian Manufacturing Company was passed—yeas 132, nays 105.

On the same day, some resolutions, offered by Mr. Low, of Dover, relating to the Tariff and Slavery, were taken up for consideration. They repudiated the former policy of the party leaders in New Hampshire upon both these points, set forth the right and expediency of protecting American labor, and disclaimed all sympathy with Slavery. Mr. John P. Hale offered a preamble and resolutions as substitutes for those of Mr. Low, in which he took strong anti-slavery ground, but omitted all reference to the Tariff. In a speech upon the subject, he said the original preamble and resolutions "placed the *Tariff* before *Man*—labor before liberty. He was for man first; let us secure for him liberty, and then he would go with the gentleman into the sheep-fold."

Mr. Hadley, of Weare, one of the Radical leaders, submitted a string of resolutions as a substitute for those of Messrs. Low and Hale, which declared opposition to a Tariff for protection—favored a Revenue Tariff with "incidental protection," that cunning device of *safe* politicians, and abhorrence of the regular Free-Traders—and deplored the existence of Slavery as "a great moral, social, and political evil," but deprecated any unauthorized interference therewith, which might endanger the safety of the Union. The House ordered four hundred copies of each series to be printed, and the whole subject was then postponed to Thursday next.

From the Pittsburgh Chronicle.

FIGHTING FOR SLAVERY.

An officer of the army, writing from the camp opposite Matamoros, says:

"Some three of four of the officers' slaves have run away. Of course every inducement is offered from the other side. Maj. R.'s boy returned, and said he was treated with 'the most distinguished consideration'—'had the first seat at the table, and the best bed in the house.' There will be great difficulty in keeping the slaves upon the river, and I presume in the final settlement of this question it will be arranged so that they can be demanded."

If one of the objects of the war is to make an arrangement with Mexico, by which she will bind herself to capture and send back runaway slaves, Northern Slavery-hating men will, we think, be rather backward in the work. We will fight to defend our Southern brethren from invasion, and in the support of their just rights, but we cannot fight to extend the area of Slavery, or to compel Mexico to turn negro-hunter for the slaveholders of the South. Would to heaven that every slave in the United States could escape to freedom. The nation would be relieved of a crushing curse, and liberty and humanity would be vindicated.

From the Western Citizen.

CRUELTIES OF SLAVERY.

Dear Brother Eastman:—It is our duty to remember those in bonds as bound with them; and to refresh our memories, I thought I would relate a case or two of cruelty, which, if you think best, you may publish.

I was informed by a fugitive a few months since, that he once lived in the State of Mississippi four years, on a cotton plantation. He said that one Sunday morning the hands were called and numbered, and two were missing, when the master and the two overseers took measures to give them a general flogging. The hands of the men were all tied, and they were put into a cabin, and one at a time taken out, and stretched upon the earth, with face downwards, and their hands and feet tied to four stakes, when the overseers by turns did the whipping, while the master sat by with bowie-knife and pistol in hand, and counted the blows, and said when it was enough. Two of the men, with whom those lived who were missing, received fifty blows with the paddle on their lacerated backs, one of whom died in two days. There were about one hundred whipped, and it was near night when they got through. My informant says that he received two hundred and fifty lashes, and he carries with him the evidence of the transaction. He says there were nine killed on the plantation in four years by being shot, and thirty-six whipped to death. Are those who do such things punished?—Not they.—"On the side of the oppressor there is power."

Another case. A man called on me, last February, from the South. He stated that two years ago he left his master for the North. He had travelled about one hundred miles when he was taken up and returned to his master. He arrived home on a Saturday night, when his master and overseer took him to the tobacco-house, (having previously prepared a bundle of hickories,) where they tied him to a bench, when by turns they whipped him until the next morning. They then unbound him, and ordered him to get up, but he could not stir. They lifted him to his feet, but he could not stand. He said the bench was covered with blood and peices of skin, and that two streams run across the floor as if a hog had been stuck. For a month he lay only on his face. What a punishment! for walking on God's earth, enjoying life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Do you say the man who would treat his fellow thus must be a monster?—My informant said his master was a great brother in the Methodist church. When the man had ended his story, I told him I must see his back, which I did; and from his head to his heels, there were scars and marks almost innumerable. Oh, what swift witnesses these will be against the oppressor at the last great day. Yours for the oppressed,

I. LEONARD.

Lowell, May 11th, 1846.

From the True American. (Olmstead Falls O).

CHRISTIANITY AND SLAVERY.

How strange it is that men profess-ing the principles of the Christian religion, can be for a moment apologists for Slavery. The whole tenor of the Christian revelation goes to proze Slavery a sin of the first magnitude. Suppose our divine Redeemer should condescend to dwell again with us on earth, in what light should we look upon him, if he became a slaveholder, or raised his voice, or exerted his influence in support of that institution. How different would then be his teachings from what they were 1800 years ago. "God is *not* good unto all his creatures, and his tender mercies are *not* over all his works." "Love *not* thy neighbor as thyself." "Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all men, *slaves excepted*." "Let *not* the oppressed go free." These and many other such sentiments would then fall from the lips of him who is the author of the Christian's faith. If this should be the language of a divine being, what may we suppose the opinion of the devil to be, on this subject.

From the London Daily News.

ANTI-SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.—No. III.

From our two preceding articles it may seem, that our title is a misnomer, and that we should, with more propriety, have designated our imperfect sketches a history of Slavery, rather than of Anti-Slavery. But we deemed it necessary to convey some slight idea of the general state of feeling on this important topic, before we gave our attention to the labors of the Abolitionists. Otherwise, it would seem to our readers, after we had done with our subject, that the sixteen years' toil of these heroic men and women had accomplished nothing; so degraded and so dark does the public mind remain, even yet, in regard to this dreadful wickedness, which, if not speedily repented of, and atoned for, will, unless God has lost his attribute of justness, either dissolve the Union, or deluge the Southern States in blood.

Had the territory of the United States been confined to its original limits, it is possible that Slavery would have perished of sheer inanition in most of the States of the old Confederacy. No slaveholders, except those of South Carolina, have been found hardy enough to deny that it blasted the soil which it was allowed to disgrace; and, it may be, that necessity would have filed asunder those fetters which humanity, justice, and religion, have been so long powerless to sever. The purchase of Louisiana and Florida, and the erection of new slaveholding States at the Southwest, gave new life and vigor to the breeding of slaves in Maryland and Virginia. Indeed, it may be questioned whether the professed readiness of the General Government to suppress the African Slave-Trade should be attributed more to a sense of its glaring inconsistency with the ridiculous assumptions of the republic, or to a desire to foster and encourage a native manufactire, whose safety was endangered by foreign competition. The act of Congress, declaring the African trade piratical, may be regarded in the light of a tariff for the protection of the internal traffic. The effect of climate upon manners, and upon mental and physical characteristics, has been largely speculated upon by modern physiologists; but we believe that the discovery of its wonderful potency in changing the complexion of moral obligations, is exclusively due to American ethics. Thus, the residence of a creditor in England renders him a very unfit person to receive a debt due in Pennsylvania, and converts what we are afraid all the lexicographers would conspire to denominate swindling, into patriotism and resistance to British aggression. In the same manner, that trade which some peculiarity of the Guinea Coast, fatal to the commercial enterprise of free and enlightened republicans, darkens into piracy, seems to establish a prescriptive title to the presidential chair, if carried on, and that, too, if we may trust the evidence of a Virginian Governor, with greater atrocity under the very eaves of the Capitol.

As we trace with increasing disgust the decline and fall of moral sentiment, and even of common manly independence on this subject; as we see the very Government itself joining in the deep-mouthed bay of the bloodhounds on the track of the wretched fugitive from "the land of the brave, and the home of the free;" as we hear members from the free States defending Slavery on the floor of Congress in so abject a strain, as to call forth rebuke even from slaveholders themselves; we are tempted to consider the few professions of anti-slavery feeling we have hitherto met with as mere hypocritical concessions to the conventional decencies of civilization. Even this flimsy mask has been thrown off, and the American Government stands confessed, though with a certain awkward coyness and reluctancy, as an institution for the protection and conservation of brutal darkness against the fatal shafts of light; of atrocious cruelty and wrong against the encroaching waves of justice and humanity. Like the "mantle made amiss" of the old Fabliau, the unspotted robe of freedom in which it would fain have disguised itself, refuses its office, and shrinks loathingly away, leaving its harlot deformity exposed to the jeers and mockeries of the world.

"For, ever as they fastened it, it loosed,
And fell away, as feeling secret blame."

It may, at least, be said, that in the few years immediately following the adoption of the Constitution, the Federal Government felt itself under the necessity of appearing, on all public occasions, to discountenance Slavery. That it was understood to have the power to prohibit it in newly formed States, is evident from the fact that when Georgia and Carolina ceded a part of their territories to the United States, they did so with the express reservation that the cherished "domestic institution" was not to be interfered with. Ardent, and loudly expressed as was the desire of Congress to cleanse this blot from the national character, it does not appear that this stipulation occasioned any delay in the reception of the territory, and new slaveholding States were carved out of it and admitted to the Union without opposition. As the internal traffic in slaves became more and more important, the eyes of Government opened, in exact proportion, to the horrors of the African trade. When Louisiana was erected into a territorial Government, Congress forbade the importation thither of slaves from the coast of Africa; but great numbers were, nevertheless, carried in, to the detriment of the honest, domestic dealer. It would naturally be supposed, that these unhappy beings acquired at least their freedom by these means; but it appears, that the only result of the few forfeitures which took place, was, that the victims were sold under a decision of the District Judge, (an United States officer,) for the benefit of the State. Another proof that it was not humanity, but a desire to protect an important branch of domestic industry, which influenced the Government in its prohibitory enactment.

The American Government must have been born when the sign Cancer was lord of the ascendant, for its course has been uniformly and consistently backward. Empowered to prohibit Slavery in new States, it has not even remained satisfied with as many as could be parcelled out of its original territory, but has seized Texas, and now fixes its vulture eye on Cuba, with a view to the extension of its peculiar system of democracy. The mouth of England may be closed from reproaching it with a lust of territorial aggrandizement, but the slaveship and the handcuff have at least never been blazoned on the banner under which she conquered. The Government of the United States has professed great anxiety that other Governments should unite with it in declaring the African Slave-Trade to be piracy, and yet, when the English Ministry, in conformity with its own request, acceded to a Convention for the purpose of suppressing that trade, and procured the passage of an Act of Parliament to pronounce it piracy, the Cabinet at Washington refused to concede a qualified and reciprocal right of search, (which could alone give any efficacy to the scheme,) though expressly limited to the African coast. Indeed, during the thirty-nine years which have elapsed since the Act of Congress was passed, rendering all convicted of prosecuting this traffic, subject to all the pains and penalties of piracy, only two convictions have taken place, though it is notorious that the trade is vigorously carried on in American vessels, and by American citizens. The hanging of pirates is not an unknown thing in the United States, and yet the convicted offenders in these two cases were only sentenced to a fine and imprisonment, and one of them was afterwards pardoned by the President, on the ground of previous good conduct, and the fortunate peculiarity of possessing an aged mother, as if his miserable victims had not also been citizens of unblemished reputation, according to the codes of Congo and Dahoney, (from whose time-honored examples the American system is derived,) or as if they had come into the world by any other than the usual maternal process. It is hardly possible that the American chief magistrate could have supposed the poor Africans to have been brought into the world like the Egyptian chickens, and that their filial sentiments centered around some decrepid kite, at once their aged mother and exceedingly *arida nutrix*.

The inevitable tendency of the slaveholding system is to create in men a lust of power and an unscrupulousness as to the means of attaining and the manner of exercising it. It is not to be supposed that the slave States would suffer the weapon put into their hands by the unequal system of representation to rust for want of use. They have gained and held an uninterrupted possession of the General Government from the adoption of the Constitution to the present time, increasing their exactions with the ever-increasing subserviency of the free States. The Executive has always been to them a pipe whereon to play what stop they pleased. The Washington government, while, like the little sea-fish described by ancient naturalists, it enveloped itself in a cloud of diplomatic ink to elude detection; and while it has squandered its vocabulary of superlatives in the vain attempt to express the freedom and enlightenment enjoyed by the meanest inhabitant of the glorious republic; has ever been swift to execute whatever was demanded by the interests, or by the encroaching spirit of the darling national institution. Thus, after a protracted negotiation of twelve years, it succeeded in swindling the English Government of a sum exceeding two hundred thousand pounds sterling, as compensation for certain slaves who had fortunately escaped from liberty and equality on board of the English fleet during the late war with America, and whom Admiral Cockburn honorably refused to surrender to the lash of their democratic proprietors. Thus it prosecuted the Seminole war, at a vast expense of money and a yet greater one of reputation, because the everglades of Florida afforded a shelter to fugitives from that condition, which, if we might trust the American pictures of it, is without exception the happiest on earth; and because the miserable remnant of a savage tribe was willing to act the good Samaritan to those who found in the Government which should have protected them, only an uglier likeness of the thieves. Thus it allowed the armed invasion of the acknowledged territory of a weak sister republic, by freemen too jealously sensible of individual rights to submit tamely to that clause of the Mexican Constitution which forbade the holding of slaves, and which put American theories and professions in practice. To what end this invasion tended let the recent annexation of Texas witness. Thus it endeavored to obtain from England a stipulation for the surrender of fugitive slaves who had found a refuge in Canada. In this it was, of course, unsuccessful; but we should not be surprised if, under that article of the Ashburton treaty which provides for the mutual rendition of criminals, it should make a fresh attempt to recover those atrocious culprits who (by a literal *felo de se*) have stolen themselves. Thus it refuses to interfere with the slave-trade in the district of Columbia, the national seat of Government, a territory under the immediate control of Congress, and will not grant a hearing even to any petitions for its abolition. To give some idea of the kind of liberty and equality maintained by these republican legislators, we will only state the simple fact that the United States Marshal of the District may commit to gaol, at his pleasure, any person suspected of being a slave; and, if he be not claimed by his master, or if no proof of his freedom be forwarded after an advertisement in the newspapers of the district, he must be sold as a slave for the payment of the jail fees, a bribe being thus offered to his official captor to make merchandise of his victim! In accordance with this humane policy was the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in 1842, denying the right of trial by jury to any person claimed as a slave in any of the free States. From this opinion of the Court only one of the judges, Mr. McLean, of Ohio, dissented.

But instead of citing individual cases, which we might multiply far beyond the limits of our space, it will be enough for us to show how immensely disproportionate a share Slavery has contrived to obtain for itself in the administration of public affairs. From this it will be evident that the influence of the Government must necessarily always be exerted on the side of wrong and oppression. Of the ten Presidents only four have been hitherto chosen from the free States. Of these, John Adams, and his son, John Quincy Adams, were elected before any organized opposition to Slavery had sprung up; Mr. Van Buren was professedly a Northern man with Southern principles, and showed himself not only eager, but naturally adapted, to become the pliant tool of the despotic "patriarchal institution;" and General Harrison, though resident in Ohio (a free State), was a native of Virginia, and was well understood to be *sound* on the question of abolitionism. This phrase, we ought to say, has a meaning precisely the reverse of what might be expected in a democratic commonwealth; and signifies that the candidate is, if possible, fonder of Slavery than the slaveholders themselves, and that he will be ready to do any shameful work which Slavery is too proud or too politic to do for itself. By the death of General Harrison, within two months after his inauguration, the functions of the Presidency devolved on Mr. Tyler, a slave-breeder, and slave-trader, and the friend of oppressed Ireland, and of the cause of freedom throughout the world. Thus we see that Slavery has had six, and practically eight, of the ten Presidents of the United States. Slaveholders have been Vice-Presidents since 1820, and Presidents of the Senate since 1800, thus securing the casting vote in the upper Legislative Assembly. Since 1822 no member from the free States has been suffered to hold the post of Speaker of the House of Representatives. Members of the Cabinet are invariably selected with a view to their subserviency, and are either slaveholders or the slaves of slaveholders. Had we time we might go through all the departments of the Government, and show the same state of things existing everywhere. But we have dwelt upon it long enough.

It must be evident, at first sight, that Slavery could never have attained to its present bad eminence in the United States unless the free States had consented and become accessories before the fact. The masses in America are divided between two great parties professedly representing the two elements of politics, conservatism and progress, but, in fact, differing very little from each other except in fulfilling alternately the important functions of *ins* and *outs*, of Government and opposition. The number of offices in the United States is so great, and the competition for them so active, that the working portions of each party are made up almost exclusively of those who hold office and those who seek it. The people are deeply persuaded of the solemn responsibility which rests upon them of being led up to the polls every fourth year to deposit their ballots on this or the other side, exercising what may fitly be called a species of *ostracism* (though of a somewhat profitless nature), since they invariably receive the shells while the demagogues as invariably swallow the oyster. Now the slaveholding States hold the balance of power; and being, however at variance on other topics, indissolubly united in the defence of their legalized barbarity, while the free States have no such common bond of selfish union, are enabled to dictate their own terms. By securing, as they have always done, all the executive branches of the Government, they become possessed of an amount of patronage, and consequently of power, almost without a parallel in the world. Men who enter upon politics for a livelihood are not apt to be nice. The demagogue who, though he seems in some measure to lead public opinion, is in truth its abject slave is thus eminently fitted to become the slave of interest in any other shape. By means of the advertising patronage of the Government, the wire-pullers of the party in power require the disinterested services of the newspapers: while the offices are distributed among those who have rendered themselves useful as orators in political meetings, and have shown themselves skilful in scattering salt upon the tail of that great stupid Dodo, the people. Offices in America are no sinecures. Those who hold them are expected to do all the dirty work of party with a diligent alacrity. The least symptom of relaxation, the slightest symptom of disaffection or independence, is the unerring signal for the application of the bowstring of dismissal.

The despotism of party in the United States is more absolute than that of Nicholas himself.—When we come to speak of the annexation of Texas we shall give some pregnant examples of it. Hitherto Slavery had stood upon the defensive, or to speak more properly, had pretended to do so; but during the last contest for the Presidency, emboldened by the long-suffering servility of the free States, it assumed an aggressive attitude; and henceforth, unless some unlooked-for revulsion take place, the policy of the United States will be the propagandism of the manacle and the lash, till the patience of heaven is exhausted, or till an insulted people shall awake to a sense of the cheat put upon them, and in righteous indignation hurl down the altars of Moloch which now smoke daily in the high places of the land.

There will be misconception of the action of the Liberty and Independent members of the Legislature, among those who do not understand fully the position of things, as well as studied misrepresentation of the enemies of free principles. There has not been, nor will there be, any union with the Whig party. The two minor parties are not, in any sense, merged in that party. Acting on their individual conviction, that as they were limited by the Constitution to a choice between the candidates of the other party, it was their duty to make the selection as to secure the most that could be gained for the cause of political reform, they have filled vacancies from the candidates opposed to the long dominant party of the State.—*Daily (Concord, N. H.) Freeman.*

Why, this is a complete and total abandonment of what the Liberty party leaders and editors have always held up as being the distinctive principle of their party—not to have anything to do with either of the other parties, for they were *necessarily* pro-slavery. Leavitt and Birney have said this a thousand times. In the Presidential election of 1844, the members of the Liberty party knew just as well that either Polk or Clay *must* be elected, as if the choice was limited to those two; why, then, was it not "their duty to make the selection so as to secure the most that could be gained for the cause of political reform"? We are heartily glad that the Liberty party members of the Legislature sacrificed their absurd principle to the good of the State.—*Lowell Journal.*

From the Norfolk County American.

The Anti-Slavery Fair, to be held at Harrison Grove, on the Fourth of July, will form an era in the history of that delightful spot. We cannot invite attention to it so heartily as we might were its object the promotion of some more popular cause. Were it to promote injustice and oppression, we could enter into it heart and soul, and receive the warm applause of every bootlick in New England, but as it is merely in behalf of human freedom, we must either be cautious, or run the risk of covering ourselves with disgrace. We may be allowed, however, to invite the intellectual portion of our readers to a feast of oratory and a flow of unadulterated soul. Those who wear invisible chains about their necks, and invisible fetters on their limbs, and seem to take pride in being the unpaid and unpensioned hirelings of Slavery, must begin their lessons at a lower bench; they are not yet fitted, either by nature or grace, to enjoy the rich music of Freedom's eloquence, born of, and uttered in, Freedom's holy cause. The screams of the lacerated slave—the crack of the man-whip—the hissing of the branding iron—the coarse blasphemies of the brutal overseer, and drunken and passionate proprietor—would be music far sweeter to their monster ears, and far more acceptable to their refuse and vagabond souls. *Chacun a son goût.*

From the Liberty [Cadiz, O.] Advocate.

THAT SLAVE!

Can the Rev. Mr. Thomas or Fullerton inform us what the Rev. Mr. Henderson, fellow commissioner to the late Old School Assembly, from Augusta, Kentucky, did with the slave he took to Pittsburg? and in defence of whom, from the interference of Abolitionists, he said he was prepared to go into eternity? Did he sell her in Maryland or Virginia, to get funds to enable him to spend a few weeks at Saratoga, and assist in replenishing the treasury of the Lord so that the Gospel might be sent to the perishing heathen abroad? or did he exchange her for a Theological Library—a span of fine horses and a splendid carriage? Perhaps he left her in the care of some brother in the Lord, as he passed through Maryland, until his return. We feel somewhat anxious to know, for we really hoped she might have fallen into the hands of some good Samaritans, who would have put her out of the grasp of her clerical oppressor.

"NIGGERS."—Words are things, says some writer. It is often the fact. Apply a degrading and calumnious epithet to a man or a class, and give currency to the crime, and its subject feels the wound—the very cream and poison of cruelty. Oh! what a sin in the sight of God! Now, there is one epithet of pure infernal ignominy—which, as a citizen, a Christian, and a minister of Christ, I regard with moral horror, allied to that of blasphemy, or an overt and oral breach of the third commandment. It ought to be denounced universally, and he considered as foul-mouthed and fouler-hearted, who could exemplify its use! I view it as treason against human nature and against God; alluding, for example, to a voluntary ejaculation, when Mr. C. M Clay was speaking lately in the Tabernacle—"what! NIGGERS vote!" It shames me to write it *Father forgive them! for they know not what they do.*—[*Rev. Dr. Cox.*

Communications.

Anti-War Meeting at Syracuse.

SYRACUSE, June 21st, 1846.

MR. EDITOR:—Mobbism again has been the order of the day. The rights of the people, which the Constitution says is their right, the right of peacefully expressing their opinion, has been trampled underfoot; and this has been done, not by little boys, not by wild and unthinking young men, but by what is denominated the respectable portion of the community. A call for a meeting (numerously and respectably signed) of the friends of peace, humanity, and the Gospel, had been published for some days in the village papers. The meeting was to have taken place on Thursday evening, in the spacious saloon at the Empire House. On the morning of the day, an editorial appeared in the Daily Star, whose course from the commencement of this infernal outrage on Mexico, has been marked with a *spaniel-like* humility to the powers that be; in which he called on all the friends of their country, those who wish to uphold the Government in the prosecution of this glorious war, to meet also, and *prevent* an expression going forth from the meeting denunciatory of the conduct of the Executive Government. At the appointed hour, the people assembled in great numbers, and at half-past seven the meeting was called to order by Mr Charles A. Wheaton, who moved that Captain Putnam be appointed Chairman. J. Benson, Esq. then moved an amendment, by substituting the name of General E. D. Hopping, of Salina, one of their choice war spirits, and this was a signal for the war party to commence their operations. Seeing the turn affairs had taken, the peace party kept quietly seated, (although in numbers far superior,) allowing the mobbites to say and do as they pleased, without giving them the smallest interruption. After a little time, Mr. May arose, and proposed that the friends of the original call should retire to some other place. Mr. Wheaton then proposed an adjournment to the Congregational Church. The majority present then retired amid the jeers, hisses, and hootings of the war party. A thunder and lightning speech was then made to these civilized rowdies, by Mr. Cooper, editor of the PREACHERS' ADVOCATE. The following is a copy of his speech, and also of the resolutions passed:

After loud and continued calls, Mr. Cooper rose and said:—He had not intended to take any part in this meeting, and by no means that of speech-making. He could not have anticipated the form which it would assume, and hoped no improper demonstrations of the deep feeling which so generally prevailed, would be made—that no efforts would be made to interdict the sentiments of those who have taken so much pains to express their sympathy with the armed hordes of Mexico. They have called the meeting, and invited the citizens of Syracuse to attend it; large numbers of whom are here. He expected a large meeting, not to support the opinions set forth in the call, but to save our village from the shame and infamy consequent upon the adoption of resolutions adverse to the use of suitable means of defending our country and protecting the rights of her citizens at this crisis. The appeal has been responded to in a manner not less indicative of a deep and enduring spirit of patriotism, than of rebuke to those who deny the right of war under any circumstances. This demonstration of patriotism is honorable to Syracuse, and shows to the world that the good old spirit of "76" still exists—that it still animates and gives heroic valor to our citizens, and will be found to be as unyielding as it was in the days which tried mens' souls.

[Marked demonstrations of applause frequently interrupted the speaker.]

Men honestly differed as to the justness of the causes of the war; but that is not the question to be raised *now*, in this time of peril. The exigencies into which we are thrown forbid us by every principle of humanity, and by the strong ties which bind us to our country, to entertain sentiments of this character. It should be enough for us to know—*it is* enough for us to know, that our *nation*, not a mere political party, or a few isolated individuals, but our *whole country* is involved in a war. The Executive has called for the means of defence;—warm and willing hearts respond to the call; the strong arm of American citizens has shown,—it is ever ready to show, that we are equal to any crisis. We have nothing to do with the question of the wisdom and integrity of the Executive, while the din of arms is heard on our frontiers; and no true patriot, no discreet lover of his country, no grateful pensioner upon its privileges, in short, no man who appreciates the blessed boon of freedom, will raise the inquiry now; he will sound the note of alarm and obey the call to arms whenever his county shall need his services—his efforts will be made to keep alive in his own breast and in the breasts of his fellow-men the spirit which our fathers have infused into us—which all our blood-bought institutions encourage, and which constitute our main, our only reliable defence. Our universal love of country is to us our standing army. We do not support millions of hired soldiers for national protection; our land in times of peace, is not chequered, like Europe's wide and populous domains, with military hordes or with the roll of the spirit-stirring drum. No, we have a stronger, a better force, a more lasting defence, and a far more ready army in the pure and uncorrupted patriotism of our citizens. Here is the *life* and *soul* of our national strength. It is this spirit which we are bound to cherish, and infuse into the rising myriads who are soon to protect all that is dear to us. It is on this account that sober-men, uninfluenced by a sickly humanity, or an ill-timed attempt to create peace opinions, should deprecate the sentiments embodied in the shrewdly worded call which has brought us together. Let us not, at this crisis, dampen the glorious ardor of our proud love of country. Gentlemen, you are excited, and your hearts beat warm; you charge toryism upon the advocates of a withdrawal of our forces from the Rio Grande—you insinuate that these men are under Mexican pay, more ready to oppose than to defend our flag! But be assured there are but few in this community or in this State who entertain sentiments adverse to a prompt and honorable termination of the war. Our citizens, as a body, cherish a deep sense of gratitude to the brave General Taylor, and his noble band of compatriots, for their achievements. We can, we *do* appreciate such services, and we brand the man a villain who dares even *think*, much less *speak*, one word to their dishonor.

[Loud and protracted cheers.]

A sound peace policy demands that this war be prosecuted with energy—that it be continued until Mexico shall sue for peace, on the conditions of settling all boundary questions by treaty, of adjusting our claims which she has long and disgracefully repudiated, and pledge that national honor and courtesy necessary to establish and preserve truly amicable relations. Such are the peace principles sound politicians and discreet philanthropists would establish; nay, such as religion itself dictates. The war has been urged upon us, our fellow-men have perished on the battle-field in the defence of our dearest—our blood-bought privileges, and we should be unworthy sons of brave fathers, unworthy of the country and the age in which we live, were we, under cover of a false principle of benevolence or a mistaken humanity, to express one sentiment of sympathy for Mexico, or cast one drop of water upon lighted fires of patriotism.

Every friend of liberty is now called upon for the honor of his country, and by faithfulness to that God, who has so abundantly blessed us as a nation, to yield a hearty response to the call of our country, which is to us as the call of God.

Mr. C. said he therefore hoped suitable resolutions would be adopted—that, whatever be said or done by those who have withdrawn from this room, Syracuse may not be dishonored in any attempts to weaken the opinion; that here may be found a strong, a ready, though it may be a rough band of men, to stand by our standard, or rejoice in death beneath our waving stripes and stars. Be firm, but cool, even amid these soul-stirring scenes, and this night shall bear witness that we are the true friends of our country.

[Mr. C. withdrew to his seat, but was compelled, under repeated calls, to take the floor again.]

Mr. C. on taking the floor again, said he did not deem it necessary to create a deeper and more responsive patriotism in the breasts of his fellow-citizens, by repeating the long train of causes of the existing war. You have but recently heard them eloquently and correctly portrayed—you understand them well—but that with you is not the point at issue. It is enough to know that our national honor is at stake—it is this which has awakened the true spirit of the revolution—a spirit, which in its patriotic agony, looks with distrust even upon those who faintly express their Mexican sympathies. You have a right, it is *your duty* to watch with a jealous eye every movement which savors in the least degree of opposition to the authoritative voice of the nation.

Continued the speaker, perhaps I may be too dis[illegible] upon other subjects I can agree to differ without anxiety—I can now without reproach. For me, fellow-citizens, there is some excuse. I was born on blood-stained ground, cradled in a house despoiled by red-coated Americans, and brought up in the midst of tory-lurking places. I have heard, too, many stories of our country's wrongs from relatives, who having placed their families in Albany for protection, shouldered their muskets and marched to the field of battle.

We are all too familiar with the dark history of toryism, cowboy-ism, and later isms might be added, not to fear approaching danger when men in our midst do not hesitate to say, "that if compelled to fight, they would sooner take up arms for Mexico than America"—when men can thus speak of the land of their birth—of a Government better than any other under the sun, and exhibit under the garb of non-resistance such allegiance to a foreign power, American citizens are excusable for the administration of merited rebuke. Your hearts beat "warm and high" because attempts are made to *censure*, when *approbation* should be given. You owe it to the brave soldiery on the Rio Grande, to see that no encouragement be given to the Mexican troops, by which hostilities may be increased, and American citizens murdered—that no check be given to the ardor of American patriotism by the publication of Tory-tinged resolutions as having been adopted at a public meeting of our citizens. Let a bold and manly expression of your sentiments and feelings attest your devotion to your country, and the fair fame of Syracuse will never be blackened by the charge of traitorism. [Loud cheers.]

The committee, appointed for the purpose, reported the following:

Resolved, whereas, our country has been invaded by a Mexican army, and our citizens butchered in cold blood; and whereas it is the duty of every good citizen to defend his country against invasion; and whereas our Government has, in accordance with its duty, sent its troops into the field to repel the hireling soldiery from our land; and whereas unworthy efforts have been made by a few persons in this community to throw obstacles in the way of repelling such invasion unrighteously commenced on the part of Mexico,—Therefore,

Resolved, That we heartily approve of the measures taken by Government, to repel the insolent aggressions of Mexico, and we pledge our influence to sustain the administration in the prosecution of the present war, so wantonly forced upon our country, to a successful termination.

Resolved, That we regard all those who in the hour of peril, when the country is invaded by a hostile foe, and when the life-blood of our fellow-citizens has been shed in defence of our firesides and honor, are exerting their influence, impotent though it be, against the Government, in its patriotic efforts to bring the war to a speedy close, and save the people from the horrors consequent upon its protraction, as traitors to the country, and deserving the scorn and execration of every true-hearted American citizen.

Resolved, That we have witnessed the gallant and patriotic conduct, cool bravery, and consummate generalship exhibited by General Taylor, at the bloody engagements of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Panza, with delight and satisfaction; and that the brave army under his command has taught the Mexican hosts that the Yankees are a nation "who ask nothing but what is right, and will submit to nothing wrong."

Resolved, That we tender to the valiant Taylor and his brave companions in arms our gratitude and hearty congratulations, upon the signal triumph which they have achieved. The country is safe in the hands of such defenders.

Resolved, That while we are advocates of peace, as long as it can be secured without sacrifice of the honor, glory, and welfare of the country, yet when summoned to defend our soil, we are prepared to undergo the deprivations of the battle-field, without first waiting "to take a hasty plate of soup."

Which were unanimously adopted.

At the close of the meeting, the following sentiment was offered by Grove Lawrence, Esq. and responded to with rapturous acclamation, by the vast multitude assembled:

General Taylor—Invulnerable as Achilles; unsubdued by toil, as Hannibal; unawed by numbers, as Leonidas; terrible to invaders, as Cincinnatus; he guardian defender of the "lone Star" State—May he receive, as he deserves, the plaudits of a grateful country.

On motion of E. Cooper,

Resolved, That we deprecate the course of those individuals who attempt to alloy our patriotism, at

the period of time when our country is most in need of it.

Passed unanimously.

A vote of thanks, to Mr. Cooper, was unanimously passed, for his patriotic remarks.

THE MEETING AT THE CHURCH.

A very large and respectable audience soon assembled, of which H. Putnam was appointed Chairman. The meeting being organized, a Business Committee of five, consisting of S. J. May, J. H. Cobb, C. B. Sedgwick, G. S. Maynard, and J. W. North, was appointed. Mr. May, as Chairman of that Committee, reported the following resolutions, which he then read, occasionally interrupted with bursts of hearty applause:

1. Resolved, That if, according to the declaration of "the Word of God," righteousness alone exalted a nation, true patriotism requires that the wrong doing of Governments should be denounced as boldly, and opposed as strenuously, as the wrong doing of individuals; and that the *treason* most to be dreaded and abhorred is that which would urge on, or sustain, a Government in the horrid work of human butchery.

2. Resolved, That war, except, perhaps, in an extreme case of self-defence, is utterly repugnant to the distinctive principles of the Gospel; and as, according to the statement of Mr. Calhoun, in August, 1844, when Secretary of State, the object of the present war is the extension and perpetuation of the accursed system of Slavery, it becomes the solemn duty of all the true friends of our country, and of human liberty, firmly to protest against it.

3. Resolved, That all the reprehension with which we are wont to speak of a duel, ought to be bestowed upon a war with enhanced severity, inasmuch as war is but a duel between nations, involving ten thousand fold more of the crimes and miseries incident to a deadly conflict between individuals.

4. Resolved, That as friends of humanity—friends of the true welfare of our country—friends of the future peace and prosperity of all the American nations, we deeply deplore the course of our Government, by which we are plunged into a war with Mexico. Standing, as we do, pre-eminently above the other nations of this Western world in intelligence, arts, and physical power, we have, by the cruel policy of our rulers, (on the supposition that Mexico was the aggressor,) lost an opportunity of giving to the other nations of this continent an illustrious example of national forbearance and magnanimity—of showing how a nation may overcome evil with good.

5. Resolved, That if the peaceful adjustment of our controversy with the most powerful nation of Europe respecting the territory of Oregon, be, as it is called in the Star of the 15th instant, "a triumph of true patriotism over selfish and brutal passion, of which both Great Britain and the United States may well be proud," much more would such a settlement of our controversy with Mexico—a weak, half civilized, distracted Republic—have redounded to the honor and humanity of our Government.

6. Resolved, That the pretence now set up, that the present war has been forced upon our Government by the aggressions of Mexico, is too shallow, and the narrative which has been given to this community of the origin of the revolt of Texas, its annexation to this Republic, and the present war consequent thereon, is too fictitious to deserve a sober refutation. Every one at all acquainted with the history of the transactions by which these calamities have been brought upon our nation, must know that the pretence and the narrative referred to are sustained but by the slightest possible semblance of truth.

7. Resolved, That the policy of our Government towards England, compared with that pursued towards Mexico, either reveals the cowardice of our rulers in shrinking from an equal foe, and pouncing upon one whom it would be no honor, in the eye of a warrior, to conquer—or else it is but another stroke of that policy which has so long governed our Republic—a policy which would discourage the extension of our territory northward, because it must enlarge the area of freedom; but promote the indefinite enlargement of our borders southward, because it would increase the might of that slaveholding oligarchy by which our ill-starred Union is virtually ruled.

8. Resolved, That as true friends of our country and her free institutions, we feel bound to cry aloud against that spirit of conquest which so unblushingly shows itself in the official orders and official organ of the Executive Government.

9. Resolved, That in our judgment, our success in this war, now prosecuted for the conquest of Mexico, would be a greater calamity to our country and the world than our defeat—inasmuch as it would weaken our Union by extending its area, multiplying its members and destroying its balance—inasmuch as it would foster among our people the love of conquest; enhance the influence of military men, which has always been detrimental to the peace and prosperity of nations, especially those under Republican Governments; but more than all, inasmuch as our success would establish in our Government the ascendancy of slaveholders, and restore the accursed system of Slavery to regions from which it had been expelled by the noble consistency of the Mexican republicans.

10. Resolved, That as friends of suffering humanity—friends of the true welfare and glory of our country—friends of the future peace and prosperity of the American nations, we are solemnly bound to oppose the prosecution of this war by all *moral and peaceable means*; by enlightening our fellow-citizens as to the true causes and inevitable results of this conflict with Mexico; by spreading before them the horrors, and trying to make them sensible of the terrible wickedness of war; that we may dissuade as many as possible from selling themselves, for the paltry sum of a soldier's wages, to become either butchers of men themselves, or the victims of the devouring sword of the battle-field, or the wasting pestilence of the camp; or worse than either, to be demoralized and brutified by the horrible influences which always have, and always must, beset a soldier's life.

11. Resolved, That the hypocrisy of the Scribes and Pharisees—those rulers of the Jews whom Jesus of Nazareth so bravely rebuked—was pure honesty in comparison with the hypocrisy of these men of property and standing in our country who would now bind the heavy burdens of war, so grievous to be borne, and fasten them upon the shoulders of the poor, the unfortunate, the thoughtless, the young—burdens which they themselves would not touch with so much as one of their fingers.

12. Resolved, That if the laboring classes in this and every other country would decline volunteering to fill the ranks of slaughter—military demi-gods and political demagogues would soon find their "vocation gone;" swords would be beaten into ploughshares, spears into pruning-hooks, and the nations would hear war no more.

13. Resolved, That Christianity, as taught by its only infallible teacher, is pre-eminently the *religion of Peace*—the title of its divine founder is the *Prince of Peace*—therefore the professors and teachers of that religion ought to be the open, steadfast *advocates of Peace* at all times and in all places.

Mr. May, after he had finished reading the resolutions enforced them in a speech of great earnestness and power. He said that for the sentiments contained in those resolutions he wished to be held responsible; that he would not be driven from his post by the cry of Tory and of Traitor; better be a traitor to a Government, than to the best interests of the country. He spoke of the flimsy excuse set up for the necessity of this war, being such as would cause a blush on the cheek of a Pharisee. The resolutions were supported by Mr. Sedgwick, and Mr. North, in speeches of sober argument, which found a response in the common sense feeling of the meeting. But the war party, thinking that they had not done quite sufficient, yet, to show their patriotism, got a cannon, which they brought in the rear of the church, and just as the affirmative of the vote on the resolutions was taken, it pealed forth its thunder tones, (to drown, as Mr. Myers said, the voice of truth)—Happily no injury was done more than breaking some glass in the church windows. It was fired twice afterwards. A mob now appeared to be collecting outside the church, as groans and hisses were plainly heard, but the business being now well over, the meeting adjourned. And now, in conclusion, let me ask where is this to end. This spirit of mob-law which is so encouraged, is fraught with the greatest of evils. Free discussion is the only means by which a false and wicked public opinion can be corrected. Let that be stricken down, and all is lost, all is lost! I feel like saying much more, on this increasing prevalence of mobbism, but my sheet is full, and I must subscribe myself,

Yours, for humanity,
WILLIAM H. WILLICOTT.

The New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, and Slavery.

MR. EDITOR:—Deeply lamenting the present position of the American Church, in reference to the subject of American Slavery, I have attended the convocation of the New School General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church with peculiar interest; the most perfect liberty being given to all the members to communicate their own views, and the views of their respective presbyteries on this important subject.

In the introductory sermon by Mr. Eddy, the manifest truth, that there can be no pure church in which the principles of morality are not practically maintained and established, was clearly stated. Many memorials were presented and read, condemning that vile system of oppression which is robbing millions of our fellow-men of their inalienable rights, and requesting decided action, on the part of the Assembly, in reference to the subject.

A few of the members did not hesitate to impeach God's own record of righteousness and love, by the futile attempt to find a vindication of the system of American Slavery in the holy volume. The servitude in the time of the patriarchs,—the buying of bondmen by the Israelites,—the case of Onesimus,—the apostolic directions to servants were appealed to for this purpose. To which it was justly replied, 1: That there is no proof that any of these cases of servitude were analogous to Slavery, as it is established by the laws of our slaveholding States. That the restrictions,—the provisions for emancipation by redemption, or in consequence of maiming, or at the jubilee,—the positive prohibition against returning the fugitive,—the command that the man-stealer shall be put to death, and the apostolic directions to masters relative to the treatment of their servants, as well as the moral and righteous principles of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, clearly prove, that the American slaveholder can find no sanction for robbing his brother of the inalienable right of liberty from such a source.

2. That even if the cases referred to were analogous, it does not follow that we may imitate the examples without sin. The patriarchs, holy as they were, were imperfect. May we imitate, without criminality, their example of cohabitation with several women? We find no more direct rebuke of their conduct, in this respect, than of their conduct in buying servants. The Israelites had *the command of God* to buy bondmen of the heathen, and also to slay the Canaanites without mercy. Are we to be justified in doing similar acts, who have no such command? Has the Almighty made us the instruments of his righteous retribution?

3. That the apostles did not directly assail every objectionable custom and institution interwoven in the frame-work of society, but enforced principles and precepts, which, in their legitimate operation, would abolish all unrighteousness. From 1 Tim. iii. 2, it appears, that polygamy was tolerated for a time in the Church. The divine precept, however, "Let every man have his own wife," &c. soon purified the Church of this evil. As certainly would the divine precepts, "Masters render to your servants that which is *just* and *equal*."—"Whatsoever therefore ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them," &c. &c. purify the obedient Church of the evil of such Slavery as is now sanctioned by the American Church, if it could be proved, that in the primitive Church it ever had an existence.

This is an imperfect sketch of the able and conclusive manner in which the Holy Book was disabused of the imputation of covering, with its sacred shield, a system

Happy would it be for the cause of humanity, and honorable to the holy religion they profess, if those members of the Assembly and their according brethren at home, would, with a single eye to holiness, carry out, into appropriate disciplinary action, the faithful testimony which has been exhibited. It was too manifest, alas! that this is not to be hoped for at present, except to a very limited extent. Objecting, as I do, to many of the harsh and indiscriminate censures which have been preferred, by some Abolitionists, against the Church, I am painfully impressed with the belief that the same unholy principle which is now throwing its shield over an iniquitous war of usurpation, viz: "*Our country, right or wrong*;" and inducing many to sustain the war, in spite of their own convictions of its unjust character, is the baneful leaven which is spreading its unhallowed influences throughout all the great denominations of professed Christians in the land. "*Our Church, right or wrong*," really appears to be the fair exponent of modern pleas and practices which uphold oppression. One of the members of the Assembly declared that he had come there with one idea,—one object before his mind, and that was (what? Righteousness? Truth?) UNION! UNION! The thought at once passed my mind, that nothing could be more desirable to the enemy of all righteousness, than to see the whole Assembly united to a man in opposing the exercise of that holy discipline, which, if faithfully administered by the American Church, would soon cause liberty to be proclaimed "throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof." Another member, who declared slaveholding to be sinful, subsequently, in the course of his remarks, affirmed, that he was too much of *a Constitutional Presbyterian* to refuse to admit a slaveholder into his pulpit. Another, who assured us that slaveholding is a violation of human rights and Christian principle, said, that he would open his pulpit to all slaveholders connected with the Assembly; but that he would not open it to many Abolitionists, because they could not preach the simple Gospel without preaching abolitionism; an affirmation which is true, in a more important sense, than that intended by the speaker. How the Gospel of that kingdom, which is "*righteousness*, peace, and joy in the Holy Spirit," can be faithfully preached without opposing the *unrighteous* institutions of American Slavery, is a question not altogether unworthy of his serious consideration.

The general cry in the Assembly was, "*no divisive measures*." I have no desire to advocate any division not required by the holy principles of the kingdom of God. It would be well, however, for us all to understand the testimony of "the faithful witness" of the truth. "Think not that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword. For I am come to set a man at variance against his father, and the daughter against her mother," &c. "He that loveth father or mother, (and we may add the Presbyterian, or Baptist, or Methodist Church,) more than me, is not worthy of me." Matt. x. 34—37. If the holy sword of faithful discipline was unsheathed against an institution, which is acknowledged by the Church to be a gross violation of God's laws and man's rights, the Saviour's words would soon be understood; "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." "The wisdom which cometh from above, is *first* PURE." The wisdom which cries out first "*Union*," must, consequently, come from another source. The first item on the divine catalogue is, "Whatsoever things are TRUE." The first characteristic of "the kingdom of God, is *righteousness*." Charity "rejoiceth not in *iniquity*, but in the *truth*."

The report of Mr. Duffield was adopted by a majority of the Assembly, as its public testimony and action on this important subject. This report declares,

That "the system of Slavery, as it exists in the United States, is intrinsically an unrighteous and oppressive system, and opposed to the prescriptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity."

That "after all the light and discussions which the providence of God has afforded on this subject, no one can voluntarily continue to retain his fellow-men in slavery without sin."

That "its (Slavery) existence among them cannot fail to be regarded, by multitudes influenced by their example, as sanctioning the system," &c.

It exhorts their members, "and the churches among whom it exists, to use all means in their power to put it away from them."

Let us now seriously inquire, what action on the part of Presbyterian churches, Presbyteries, and Synods, must inevitably result from the practical adoption of this Report, thus far considered? If, after forbearing mercy has been exercised, for the purpose of full and free discussion, and kind and affectionate entreaty, the slaveholder is determined to continue a practice "*opposed to the prescriptions of the law of God, to the spirit and precepts of the Gospel, and to the best interests of humanity*,"—if, after all reasonable time is given for repentance, he is determined to sustain a relation to his fellow-man, which "*no one can voluntarily continue to retain—without sin*;" must he not, for the honor of the holy Head of the Church, and for his own welfare, be put away from the Church? Is not such separation one of the "means," though the last and most to be regretted, which Jesus Christ has placed "in their power to put it (the sin of Slavery) away from them?" Is not the use of such a mean, however painful, *essential* to the purity of that Church which is "the salt of the earth," "the light of the world," and "the ground and pillar of the truth?" Must not the neglect of such a mean, in such a case, by any Church, be totally incompatible with these holy characteristics of the true Church of God? It is difficult to conceive, how the mind of any intelligent and unbiased Christian can possibly avoid coming to these conclusions. And yet, after all, the Report subverts itself, by affirming, that "Separation and secession are not the method God approves for the reformation of His Church." Indeed! What, then, meaneth these Scriptures? "If he neglect to hear the Church let him be unto thee as a heathen man and a publican." Matt. xviii. 17. "Do ye not judge them that are within?—Therefore put away from among yourselves that wicked person." 1 Cor. v. 12, 13. "In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ; To deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." 1 Cor v. 4, 5. "Know ye not that the *unrighteous* shall not inherit the kingdom of God?" 1 Cor. vi 9. Is not the sin of Slavery, referred to in the Report, the sin of *unrighteousness*? "What fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness. Wherefore, come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean; and I will receive you," &c. 2 Cor. vi. 14—18.

Will the Presbyterian Church practically adopt, as a general rule, the principle they have sanctioned in this Report, viz: that "Separation and secession are not the method God approves for the reformation of His Church?" If so, the Moderator did well to calm the fears of slaveholders with the assurance that he had "hitched the guillotine of excommunication to one of the moons of Jupiter;" for certainly the Church can have no more use for it. The sheep-stealer, no more than the man-stealer, may be excluded. Even the *dancer* must be retained! However it may be in the Church of God, in the *Presbyterian* Church, neither the unrighteous, nor fornicators, nor idolators, nor drunkards, may be deprived of an inheritance. If the inhabitants of the far-distant planet (if there are any) could have heard the testimony given by credible witnesses, on the floor of the Assembly, to the facts, that members of Presbyterian churches are not only voluntarily holding their fellow-men in slavery, but actually separating, for sordid gain, those endearing relationships which constitute so large a portion of human happiness. Could they have heard the members declare that they knew, from their own observation, that these direful deeds were practices in the Presbyterian Church of every day, or very frequent occurrence, without any special rebuke from the Church, they might possibly think that the Moderator might have selected a more appropriate location than any of their regions for his necessary and useful instrument.

The Report, while it very properly deprecates "the spirit of denunciation" and "unfeeling severity," denounces the only effective means of divine appointment for the fulfilment of its own exhortation to the brethren, "to remove it (Slavery) from them as speedily as possible!" Its direction to "judicatories, to whom pertains the right of judgment," is not to exclude them (slaveholders) from the table of the Lord. It contemplates no such act of righteous discipline, although men who rob their brethren of their right of liberty, who separate husband and wife, parents and children, and sell babes by the pound, should continue in the Presbyterian Church till the Lord comes to make inquisition for such unrighteousness and blood.

What, then, is the character of the Presbyterian Church, according to its own verdict?

It admits and declares, that "no Church can be pure in which the principles of morality are not maintained and established."

It admits that all voluntary slaveholding is a violation of those principles; that it is sinful.

It admits that, in fact, there are, in the Presbyterian Church, not only some isolated cases of involuntary slaveholding, entirely independent of the moral action of the party, which may find justification under the cloak of "organic sin," but numerous cases, not only of voluntary slaveholding, (which is a continual robbery of inalienable right,) but constant cases of sundering, for gain, the most endearing human relations.

It protests against the exclusion of such persons from the Church. The conclusion is unavoidable. It is a corrupt Church. It is (itself being judge) "sanctioning the system" which stands forth, a spectacle to the world, "in its own unrivalled pre-eminence" of combined universal iniquity.

And now, in the name of outraged, bleeding, and dying humanity,—in the name of universal man, whose eternal salvation is connected with a just exhibition of the blessed religion of righteousness and love,—in the name of our country, on whose vitals the death-serpent of Slavery is feeding,—and in the name of the holy Son of God, must we not solemnly and earnestly call on the American Church to consider its position of tremendous and fearful responsibility! Had that Church been true to its profession, Slavery had long since been banished from the land. What an amount of human crime and guilt,—what an amount of suffering and misery would have been avoided! All the agonies and deaths, all the bereavements and evils of the present unjust and infamous conflict with Mexico, are offerings on the altar of this accursed institution. How much of the guilt of all these things will be found on the American Church, and especially upon its leaders, and influential members, in the awful day of righteous retribution, is a question of no trifling import. O, that God would grant repentance to the acknowledgment and practice of the truth!

HENRY GREW.

PHILADA. June 12th, 1846.

From the Cleveland American.

CLAY'S SLAVE.

The committee, in their notice of the Convention last week, announced that a fugitive from Ashland was expected to be present. The disappointment occasioned by his non-attendance, will be explained by the following extract of a letter from Detroit, dated June 16:

"I have done all I could to influence Richardson to go to Cleveland, but he utterly declines. He now has liberty, which has cost him a severe struggle; and that boon which has been so dearly bought he wants to keep. All his friends here, (that is his colored friends,) advise him not to go. He has also found a good situation * * * * * * * * * * * * and is about to leave this city to go to the place mentioned. So, under all the circumstances, I can say no more to him. His conduct since his residence in Detroit, has been, for aught I know, very good; and I have no doubt that since he is away from the contaminating influences of Ashland, his conduct has improved for the better. Thus they have given us, without perhaps being aware of it, a new argument in favor of the improved condition of the colored man while enjoying liberty.

Respectfully, yours, &c.
SILAS W. HOLMES."

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 2, 1846.

Daniel Webster.

"Mr. Edward Webster has arrived in town for the purpose of recruiting a company of volunteers for the Mexican War. He has taken this step, we understand, with the full approval of his distinguished father."—[*Boston Papers.*

In a world like ours, where no man can afford to throw his sympathy away, we have always lamented as wasted that which Gray lavished on the "mute, inglorious Miltons" and those other purely imaginary gentlemen whose genius was smothered by circumstances, and whom he has accordingly embalmed and buried in his country church-yard. No man ever yet had a genius for anything which he did not in one way or other contrive to show. Has not the development of genius, in spite of all the untowardnesses of fortune and station, become proverbial? Surely, if ever any quality of mind might have "blushed unseen," that eminent faculty of Governor Briggs for inconsistency, (not that glorious inconsistency which turns from wrong to right, but that singular kind which is uneasy till it escapes from right to wrong) and for bringing himself into disgrace with all honest men, might have done so. Yet we have seen this genius bowing the most unpromising circumstances to its will as if they had been blades of grass. No, we are well persuaded that these melancholic men and maids, who wander disconsolate through this great vineyard of God, the earth, fearing that they shall not "fulfil their destiny," as they call it, unable to find any tool to work withal which shall not harden their delicate palms, and dreading to work in God's sunlight lest they should become tanned to an uninteresting brown, are merely the transcendental wing of that huge army of locusts who live upon their neighbors, and who, to use the expressive rhyme of the country school dame, are simply afflicted with

"The fever de lurk,"

whose symptoms, as defined in the second verse of the distich, are the having

"Two stomachs to eat and nary one to work,"

These æsthetic Jeremy Diddlers need be under no apprehensions. Their "destiny," as far as we can comprehend it, is to cheat society out of so many decent members; and they "fulfil" it to perfection.

Yet "*might have been*" is a melancholy phrase after all, and the saddest sight this sad world has to offer is that of great faculties debased from their legitimate function, and frittered away in the base uses of the world,

"Of genius given and knowledge won in vain,"

of the eagle turned buzzard, and claiming only a bastard's inheritance in that sky where he should have soared supreme. Among the thousand and one so-called great men of this so-called Democracy, Daniel Webster always excites in us the most painful feeling of regret. A man who might have done so much, and who will die without having disburthened the weary heart of Humanity of one of its devouring griefs! What has Freedom to thank Daniel Webster for? What has Peace? What Civilization? What has that true Conservatism which consists in bringing the earth forward and upward to the idea of its benign maker? In one word, how is God the better served, how are heaven and earth more at one, for His having bestowed upon this man that large utterance, that divine faculty of eloquent speech? How was man made in the image of God save that the capacity was given him of being an adequate representative on earth of some one of the attributes of the Great Father and his loyal ambassador to man?

Who that has ever witnessed the wonderful magnetism which Webster exerts over masses of men, can doubt that his great powers have been staked against the chance of the Presidential chair and lost, gambled, thrown away by the fortune of the dice? The influence of his physical presence is prodigious. He owes half his fame to it. At a late literary festival at Cambridge, when he entered, the ceremonies of the day were interrupted by a long thunder of applause, and we saw many reverend clergymen, with their faces all aglow, huzzaing a man whose private reputation can hardly be called immaculate, as if he had been the veritable prophet Daniel himself. We saw him when he defended himself in Faneuil Hall against the outraged Whiggism of Boston for having retained his seat in the Tyler cabinet, and when the thronging audience came, not as usual to witness and decorate his oration, but to sit, as it were, in judgment upon him. Many a better speech, both in the grandeur and the grace of his oratory, have we heard from Wendell Phillips, but never did we encounter a harder task than to escape the fascination of that magnificent presence of the man which worked so potently to charm the mind from a judicial serenity to an admiring enthusiasm. There he stood at bay, and that one man with his ponderous forehead, his sharp, cliff-edged brows, his brooding thunderous eyes, his Mirabeau mane of hair, and all those other nameless attributes of his lion-like port, seemed enough to overbalance and outweigh that great multitude of men who came as accusers, but who remained, so to speak, as captives, swayed to and fro by his aroused energy as the facile grain is turned hither and thither in mimic surges by the strong wind that runs before the thundergust. We have compared him to a lion, yet perhaps that lazy strength of his might better be typified by a slightly changed quotation from that language to display his shallowness in which he has so sophmoric a fondness. Let us liken him, then, to an angry bull, to an

"Epicuri de grege" taurus.

No truly great man can find his adequate type among the animal, though men of any conceivable degree of mental power may.

It is said that great occasions summon forth great minds to be their servants and to do their work. Rather, we should say, the world is full of great occasions, but only great minds can see them, and surrender themselves unreservedly to their dictation. Such men as Washington are called providential men. And so they are; yet there were men of far greater intellectual capacity than Washington in the day of the Revolution. Washington had a great *character*, and it is in proportion as they possess this mysterious faculty (we may call it) that men make their mark upon their age, and are valued by posterity. Herein consists the great strength of such men as Garrison, and it is precisely here that Webster is wanting. Foolish critics, and others who cannot see beyond the narrow horizon of literary effort, have defined genius to be the creative power. It is not truly what a man creates, but *what he is created* that stamps him as a genius, as one Heaven-sent. The man of talent is he who has his faculties most at command, who can use them glibly to produce results—the only kind of creation granted to man. But the man of genius is *possessed* by that guardian genius of his, and is led by it not to the downy seats of worldly prosperity and power, but into the wilderness, as it were, there to brood over his forereaching thoughts, to commune with his own bitter tears and racking heart-struggles, till he is sent forth, baptized in fire, a prophet and reformer. Not to the easily-climbed pinnacles of earthly renown, but to the difficult, lone, and melancholy summits of a clearer and broader moral vision is he led during life.

Will God decide that the occasion has been wanting to Daniel Webster? How far might not that trumpet-voice have reached in behalf of the oppressed, from the commanding position conceded to his powerful intellect! How many might it not have aroused who now sleep forgetful of their duty to their fellow-man! God has given him eminent faculties, and what is the harvest? Will they who, from among the crowding tares of the world glean the sparse wheat-ears for God's hungry poor, be forced to pull down their barns and build greater because Daniel Webster has lived? He has made some "great" speeches in defence of the Tariff. He has defended from the insults of a worthless slave-trader that State which, were it indeed worthy of his eulogy, were it the old Bay State of former days, would never have suffered a cowardly Governor to impeach the integrity of a noble Commonweath by issuing his proclamation in behalf of a slave-trading, murderous, and unholy war. He has won the title of "defender of the Constitution" by his zeal in fostering that corrupt public sentiment which sets the political shifts of men above the law of nature and of God. He has settled the Northeastern boundary. He has, in accordance with that axiom of natural philosophy which declares that *ex nihilo nihil fit*, reduced Charles Jared Ingersoll to nothing by a speech in which he descended even below the vulgar level of his assailant. And finally he has sent his youngest son (a youth who has just about brains enough to be conveniently come at by a cannon ball) to Boston to recruit a company for the Mexican war, as if his subserviency to the slave-power had not already amply atoned for his federalism in the last war, and richly earned for him the title of *patriot* as it is understood in America. Shall not the Recording Angel write *Ichabod* after the name of this man in the great book of Doom? What voice of one enfranchised man, what saving testimony of a single great truth made clearer, of a single human sorrow made lighter, shall plead for a reversal of the decree?

There was a moment when *expediency* seemed to be dragging Webster into the ranks of Anti-Slavery. But, with expediency at the helm, no man, however mighty his powers, ever made a prosperous voyage, or dropped anchor at last in the sheltered haven of that pure fame which alone can claim

"The perfect witness of all-judging Jove."

At the time when the Texas plot was ripening towards its infamous consummation, a public meeting was called in Boston to protest against this new encroachment of the slaveholding oligarchy. It was rumored that Webster would speak at this meeting, and such was unquestionably his intention. But the great lords of commerce and manufacture held themselves aloof. They would heedfully avoid not only the reality but even the remote suspicion of treason against Mammon. The heart of the old Bay State was so mummy-wrapped in cotton as to give no audible beat, and Webster, governed by his friends, and persuaded that his *diagnosis* from the pulse of the Commonwealth was incorrect, stayed away and held his peace.

Had he gone, that one act might have saved him. The fervor, the inspiration, the glorious delirium of standing for the first time face to face with a great principle, might have snatched him away as in a fiery chariot from the narrow, conventional sphere which had enthralled him. Once more God said, Behold the occasion! and the man slunk away to be for life the defender of the "Constitution," when he might have been the champion of Freedom and of Man! Once more a vision of the President's chair hung like a cloud before his eyes, and blotted out that golden throne among the immortals which stood empty for him!

Verily, we say again, there is no sadder sentence than "*might have been.*"

Cassius M. Clay.

In the True American of the 27th of May, Cassius M. Clay declared his "willingness, if called upon by Governor Owsley, to take his old command, or any other post." And in the same paper he expressed his conviction that the Mexican war was for plunder, that "we have not the least shadow of title to the land west of the Nueces," and "protests solemnly against the damning usurpation of James K. Polk in making war without the consent of Congress." He also evidently agreed with the sentiment expressed at a war meeting in Lexington, which he gives an account of, where he says, "Every man present felt that the cause was a bad one, and the colors of the free desecrated." This made us hope, and believe, that he would retract his promise to be an instrument in the hands of the Government for carrying on its ruthless schemes of robbery and oppression, that he would shrink from the shame that rests upon every one who takes part in its infamous deeds.

We said, when we heard that he had gone to the Mexican war, "No! Cassius Clay will not go, he is too noble, he will not so degrade himself." We grieve to find our mistake. It was with the deepest sorrow that we received a letter from a friend in Lexington, dated June 6th, saying, "Mr. Clay is now on his march to Louisville, the place of rendezvous appointed by the Governor for the volunteers of Kentucky, and he is one of them."

A few days after came the True American, from which you see it is evident that Mr. Clay thinks that this work he has entered upon is that of a "wholesale robbery," and he accuses the Government of meanness and hypocrisy in not at least having the courage to avow its purpose. He thinks it sin, but is not brave enough to refuse when called upon to take part in it. How can he ever again condemn the Government?

And this is Cassius M. Clay, whose name we could not utter without a thrill of joyful pride, who was to us as a star of hope, rising upon our guilty, unhappy land, upon whom, millions of watching, tearful eyes waited, whom our hearts delighted to honor. The slave can now no longer claim him as his true friend and hoped-for liberator, for he has joined those who are riveting his chains; we cannot call him the friend of justice and humanity, for he is aiding the perpetrators of robbery and murder; we are fellow-workers no longer. His teachings are dead to us, for his acts give them the lie. Freedom and honor in words, Slavery and shame in deeds, is his story.

Farewell to Cassius M. Clay and his True American. As faithful Abolitionists we can no longer honor the one, or help to support the other. God give him the grace to repent, and come back to the holy cause he has deserted.

Giddings's District.

We give below an extract from a letter just received from Ohio, which shows the spirit of the people in Ashtabula county—the district represented by Mr. Giddings in Congress:

"One word as to the war spirit in this region. In compliance with the demands of the Governor, the military companies in Ashtabula county met for the purpose of ascertaining the number who were ready to volunteer their services to fight for the *glory* and *honor* of extending *American republican Slavery*—and to gain that immortality which may be rationally expected from a tropical sun during the summer season.

"But poor benighted souls—their eyes seemed closed, to the dazzling glories offered them. Only five, out of three thousand, could discern the *good*; and they were in part enabled by the influence of the sparkling spirit which dwelleth in decanters. In Lake county not one was found. Will not the great Father of this *free, enlightened* nation, pity the spiritual darkness of these poor subjects; and send them light that they may see the path which leads to Texan glory—and Mexican immortality? What a field for 'patriarchal' labor."

☞ THE EMANCIPATOR cannot see why the Tribune should be surprised that C. M. Clay has gone to the war, inasmuch as he is "of no religious profession;" and especially when Gov. Briggs, "a man of high religious standing"—or "a good brother in our church," as third-party Colver said, when he gave his vote for the Whig Governor Briggs—calls for volunteers in Massachusetts. We confess to being ourselves a little surprised at our neighbor Tribune's greenness. The high character of "religious professors" generally in this country, and especially in the Church South, should have taught him that all others are utterly given over to the devil, and that we are not to be surprised at any depth of depravity to which their reprobate minds should lead them. The only wonder is that Clay, not being a "professor," should have ever shown any signs of a regenerated spirit, and not that he should so speedily have fallen beyond the hope of a saving grace; and that Briggs should have shown himself so remarkable an exception to the general rule relative to the brethren. If there is any one thing for which the people of the United States are remarkable, it is for their self-denying virtue, their private and national morality, and their universally humble piety. "Hush, you bitch! will you break the Lord's day?" was the exclamation of an excellent Southern clergyman, when, during intermission on a certain Sunday, he was, for some misdemeanor, "beating his servant with many stripes," according to the Word of God. The act and the exclamation were singularly characteristic of the merciful and conscientious spirit of the religion of our people. Are not all our great men tinctured with it? Was it not proved to the satisfaction of everybody, during the last Presidential campaign, that Henry Clay is a very pious man? Does not Mr. Polk walk after the strictest rule of life, laid down for what are called "consistent Christians?" Has not General Houston, within the week, lectured before the Home Missionary Society of Philadelphia? To come down to the press. Is not David Hale a pillar of the Church, and has even carried his piety so far into the common concerns of life as to have kept for years an evangelical boarding-house? Is not Col. Webb a well-known "professor?" In short, is not the popular press almost universally *professing* also? We wonder at the Tribune. Had Capt. Cassius M. Clay belonged to the Church he would never have "gone and done it."

To Contributors.

We must beg our contributors, in sending us articles for any given paper, that they be careful to mail them in season to reach us on the previous Saturday. It is necessary that we should have them that early that we may make our calculations understandingly as to room. Two of them will observe that articles which should have been in last week's paper, do not appear till this; and another which was meant for this must be postponed till next week. We have moreover several articles on hand, about which there is no immediate haste, but which we want to get out of the way, and which have been crowded out for several weeks because others, to which from their character we give the preference, have not reached us till too late to give an insertion to all. A little care in this particular on the part of our friends will save us much perplexity, and enable us always to publish their articles before they have lost the gloss of newness.

The Standard.

We announce another valuable addition to our corps of contributors—that of the Rev. Samuel J. May, of Syracuse, N. Y. If there be in any of us a tendency to too much severity—a charge to which, at least the present editor does not plead guilty—it will be neutralized by the mild and loving spirit of Mr. May. His name in the cause is as old as the cause itself, and anything from his pen, we are sure, will be welcomed by earlier and later Abolitionists.

We announce, too, with great pleasure, to our readers that we shall commence upon the 4th page of our next paper the publication of a translation of a German Historical Romance, entitled, "Toussaint." It is a story of the insurrection of St. Domingo, and we have the highest authority for saying, that it is of the most dramatic and thrilling character. We esteem it fortunate that its first appearance in the English language, is through the columns of the Standard. The translator is a gentleman, well known in the world of literature, and an elegant scholar. We are not at liberty, at present, to give his name, but our readers may be assured, that it would be a sufficient guaranty for the excellence of any work to which it might be attached.

☞ JAMES WATSON WEBB, the editor of the *New-York Courier & Enquirer*, is a republican of the first water. He is a Democrat of the most immaculate sort, and has no intention of being left behind by the progress of the age. The progress of the age in the United States, however, we wish to be understood as referring to, as there is n't any other part of the world now worth speaking of, no other race fit to live except the Anglo-Saxon, and none of that of the true breed except in the United States; nor, indeed, there, except South of the line,—all North of it being Yankees and bastards. This Colonel Webb was never known to make but one mistake in his onward progress, and then he progressed backward from the Democratic to the Whig party. Something, however, must be allowed to the necessity of the moment, and to the tempting bait of a handsome bird in hand, for the one in the bush, that did n't then seem so likely to be caught. In his support of the Annexation of Texas, his disinterested love of the "peculiar institution," and his patriotic zeal in favor of the Mexican war, he gives evidence that he has got to the last feathers of the bird in hand, and that he hopes to get the salt upon the tail of the other.

He always is a leader of public opinion. He was one of the earliest to observe the infidel tendencies of the Abolitionists, and to warn the people that all manner of bloody and indecent notions had taken possession of these fanatics. It ought not to be forgotten, that it was owing to the influence of his paper, that in 1834 these people were made to know, that "their treasonable and beastly plans" would not be tolerated in a city so eminently pious and moral as this. To enforce this important truth, a church was sacked, and the contents of a house or two burned in the streets, and the lives of their inmates put in jeopardy. It was a praiseworthy and a brave act, which should be occasionally mentioned to his honor.

The present aspect of public affairs calls for a similar demonstration of public opinion. The *Courier & Enquirer* is not wanting to the exigency. The *Tribune*, a few days since, had the audacity to say, that the common soldiers, who are doing the fighting in Mexico, to spread the blessings of Anglo-Saxon civilization and the Protestant religion among the benighted Catholics of that region, ought, in common fairness, to receive something more than eight dollars a month in reward for their zeal in behalf of our glorious institutions. A proposition so monstrous has received the condemnation of the guardian of the public morals, and the cause of progress. He taunts the laggard people with telling them, that should such audacity find utterance even in one of the cities of oppressed, and monarchical, and aristocratic Europe, "*the building whence it issued would be razed to the ground, its types destroyed, and its Editor made to flee for his life from the indignation of an outraged and insulted people.*" Should the people not have very much degenerated since '34, we may hope to hear, in the course of a few days, that the outraged public, roused by the same means, have rallied and served the Tribune buildings as they did the churches and dwelling-houses of the misguided and "beastly" Abolitionists.

We must not forget to mention, in still further confirmation of the high religious and moral character of Colonel Webb, that he is a distinguished member of Trinity Church.

MEXICO.—The news from Mexico is of some importance. The province of Yucatan is reported to have declared her independence, and there are rumors that some of the citizens of Tamaulipas, Chihuahua, and one or two other provinces, have asked for a cessation of the war, and the protection of the United States, while they form themselves into a Republic, looking ultimately to "Annexation." The town of Camargo capitulated on the advance of Gen. Taylor's forces.

WANTED.—No. 12 of Vol. 5 of the Standard. Any friend who has this number, and will send it to us, will oblige us exceedingly, as we wish it to complete a volume for binding.

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry*:—The Murderer's Confession. *Miscellany*:—Terrestrial Pleasures; "The Halls of the Montezumas;" A Fable not to be found in any edition of Æsop; Potato Rot; Picture of War.

FIRST PAGE.—*Selections*:—American Slavery; New Hampshire; Fighting for Slavery; Cruelties of Slavery; Christianity and Slavery; Anti-Slavery in the United States—No. 3, &c. *Communications*:—Anti-War Meeting at Syracuse; General Assembly (New

From our Boston Correspondent.

Growth of Boston—"Nobody in Town"—Crowds and business—Railways—Increase of the East as well as of the West—Boston and Charleston, (S. C.)—Croakers disappointed—Real danger from the excess, and not from the decay, of material prosperity—Anti-Slavery meeting at Andover—Foul weather but stout hearts—"The Hill" and its crowning Seminary, or "Mill for making Ministers"—Phillips's Academy—School boy days not the happiest of life—Subscriptions obtained for Standard—Significant reason for not subscribing—Encouraging prospects of the Standard—Efforts making for its circulation—A short way to get ten thousand subscribers, and a cheap—What was done at Milford—What may be done everywhere.

BOSTON, June 20, 1846.

One would never suspect, from the looks of the streets of this city, that there was anything out of joint in the times in which we live. Every street is full of the signs of a growing material prosperity. The work of destruction and of renovation is going on everywhere. Whole streets of substantial habitations for man, are transformed in a twinkling by the magic of mechanical skill into granite temples of trade. The old things are fast becoming new, and it will not be long, at the present rate of change, before scarcely a relic of the old town of Boston will remain to tell us of the days before the Revolution. Business is fast driving inhabitancy before it, and the former citizens are compelled to seek a shelter in the villages for ten miles round. The Peninsula bids fair to become to Boston, what "the city" proper, is to London, but the nucleus of a clinging aggregation of cities.

One of the "upper ten,"—now scattered abroad at their country-seats, at watering places, or on tours of pleasure,—would perhaps tell you that "there is nobody in town." But it would surprise you to see what a varying crowd it takes to make up nobody. *Ninety* trains of cars disgorge their thousands daily upon the streets, in addition to the multitudes that crowd to the city, by every other conveyance of land or sea. Owing to the greater compactness of the city, and the narrowness of the streets, it is more difficult to make one's way along the streets of Boston than those of New-York, though its population is not half as large. A great part of the business of the country towns, for fifty miles round, is now done in Boston. The railways have nearly exterminated the race of country lawyers. Almost the whole law-business of the State is now done in Court street, by gentlemen of the Suffolk bar. So with trading business, and all other kinds. The iron road has worked a mighty change in the destinies of Boston, whether for the better or the worse, remains to be seen in her future history.

We hear much of the marvellous changes which a few years have wrought in *the West*. Of the cities which have risen like exhalations in a night, and of the States which have grown up in a day. But I think this trait in the character of a young and growing country is at least as marked in *the East*. I am not very old, and yet I can remember the time, when the streets of Boston were not more thronged than those of our shire-towns now, and when I knew by sight almost every person I met. Twenty years ago families dwelt in peace on more than half the ground now swallowed up by trade, little dreaming of the coming change that was to put their household gods to flight. Within that time the population of the city has trebled, and its wealth increased in a much greater proportion. Such is the economical result of intelligent, requited labor. At the beginning of the Revolution, Boston and Charleston (S. C.) contained about the same number of inhabitants, and the latter city, probably much the greater amount of wealth. In seventy years, with every advantage of climate and soil, Charleston has scarcely doubled her population, while Boston has increased hers more than seven-fold, and her wealth in a much greater proportion. *What is the reason of the difference?*

I am not very old, as I have just said, but I am old enough to have seen my native city at several points in her history, when her ruin was confidently predicted.—Times of great commercial distress, and general depression, when it seemed as if the energies of the people must be paralyzed, and the prophecies of our Cassandras come true, that grass would grow in the streets, and desolation lay waste our borders. Every one of these times of gloom and suffering was occasioned, directly or indirectly, by the slave-power, under whose rule we live. People seem now to think that the prosperity of the city, is placed on a substantial foundation, which nothing short of national ruin can shake. So they always thought in the intervals of the earthquakes that have shattered their prosperity in times past. But there can be no doubt that the recoperative energies of free labor, even when cramped and impeded by the paramount dominion of slave-labor, are sufficient to carry Boston through any future crisis, which our voluntary submission to the smallest and meanest oligarchy that ever existed, may bring upon us. Our greater danger is from the effects of our own prosperity. That we may consent to yield our true life for the multiplication of our means of living. Of this danger we see but too pregnant signs. In the good old times, when boys played at ball in State street, when a few scattering wharves sufficed for our scanty shipping, and when there were but three private carriages in the town, the people could resist the whole power of the British empire in vindication of their rights. Faneuil Hall and the old South Church could not contain the crowds that rushed to them to animate the spirit of resistance. Now, a servile spirit towards the pitiful tyrants who order our destinies, of whom the little finger is thicker than the loins of King George, seems to possess the degenerate descendants of those old grent men. Faneuil Hall is closed against the only consistent opposers of tyranny by a Jack in office, "dressed in a little brief authority," and the men of influence, to curry favor with whom this insolent act was done, discountenance and prevent a popular meeting to protest against a war for the aggrandizement and extension of Slavery, lest it should have "*bad results!*" Truly "the age of chivalry is gone!" Or as Byron paraphraseth it, "there is no spirit now-a-days!"

Yesterday I went to Andover to attend the annual meeting of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society, with the particular object of bringing the Standard before the meeting, and inducing an effort to enlarge its subscription list. The weather was very unfavorable. The rain poured in torrents during the first evening, and of course hindered many from coming. There was, however, gathered in the Free Church, a "fit audience, though few," of some of the staunchest Abolitionists from several towns in the county. Mr. Garrison was present, and addressed the little assembly with as much spirit and eloquence, as if he had been stimulated by applauding thousands in Faneuil Hall. At the adjournment, Mr. Garrison and I were taken by a Scottish gentleman, an eminent manufacturer, to his charming residence, about a mile from the centre of the town, where we received much hospitality. The next morning the weather continued unpropitious; but, nevertheless, there was an increased attendance of Abolitionists, and of the public. Mr. Garrison discoursed to them long and well, and the omnipotence of the faithful few over the unbelieving many was set forth at large. An abundant table was provided at noon by the Abolitionists of Andover, for the refection of the friends from abroad, at a friend's house in the village.

After dinner, I walked up the hill, on which stands the famous Theological Seminary, or, as the common people used profanely to denominate it, "the mill for making ministers." It stands in a glorious situation, and the view from the hill, before the horizon was interrupted by buildings which have sprung up under the rich droppings of the neighboring sanctuary, was truly magnificent. I was told that the institution has seen its best days, and that the number of students is now comparatively very small, and yearly diminishing. Near the Seminary stands Phillips's Academy, the oldest incorporated school in the country, where many eminent men have received the rudiments of their education. Here I, too, though not an eminent man, spent six or seven years of my boyhood. The features of the old familiar scene remained substantially as they were five-and-twenty years ago, but how changed are the countenances, and the hearts of the crowds that then gave them their animation, and their expression! Many men profess to feel a warm enthusiasm for

"The school-boy spot,
We ne'er forget, though there we are forgot!"

But I can express, for I feel, no such affection for the scene of my early struggles with learning. The hill, the prospects, the woods, the walks, were indeed divinely fair, but there brooded over them a spirit of gloomy Phariseeism that disenchanted it all. I scorn the doctrine which some sentimental philosophers maintain, that our school-boy days are our happiest days. I believe that they who believe it, have either very bad memories or have lived very indifferent lives. He must have had a very unfortunate experience, or have made a very ill use of it, who does not find a happiness in the duties of mature life, and in the strength it brings to discharge them, far surpassing the thoughtless joys and unreasoning griefs of boyhood.

The afternoon session was fuller than any that went before. I set forth the claims of the Standard, and, notwithstanding the unfavorable circumstances, succeeded in getting several subscribers, and obtaining a number of pledges, on the part of trustworthy friends, to make an effort to procure more in their respective neighborhoods. Many were the reasons that were given by those who refused to subscribe. Not the least significant was the one given by some young gentlemen from the sacred hill, ("Zion's Hill," they used to call it, in my time, somewhat irreverently, on their own principles, as it seems to me,) "that, should they take the paper, *their professors would not permit them to read it!*" I was reluctantly compelled to return home this afternoon, but the meeting is to continue through to-morrow, (Sunday,) and I cannot doubt will have a brilliant conclusion, as Anti-Slavery meetings are almost always sure to have.

I am happy to say that the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, as far as one can judge from so short a trial, are resolved cordially to co-operate with the Executive Committee in their determination to give to the Standard the widest possible circulation. I believe that almost any number of subscribers can be got, by a very moderate effort on the part of the friends of the Society. I have no experience in solicitation of this kind, and have put forth no very extraordinary effort, and yet I have sent on, in a little more than a fortnight, between *forty* and *fifty* names, with the money. And the great majority of these, the names, not of "technical Abolitionists," but of persons unconnected with the cause, but willing to pay so trifling a sum for so much information, on a subject, the importance of which they cannot deny. When the size of the paper is displayed, the names of the contributors recounted, and the price named, there are not many who refuse to take it. I believe it would be an easy thing for the subscribers, by an amount of personal solicitation, which would occupy but an imperceptible portion of their time, to increase the subscription-list to TEN THOUSAND within six months. *Who will try?* Or rather, WHO WILL REFUSE TO TRY? Take a copy as a specimen, and to-morrow morning, (or this morning, if there be time,) let your neighbors and acquaintances know that they can have a paper of this size, weekly, with regular contributions from WENDELL PHILLIPS, MRS. CHAPMAN, MRS. FOLLEN, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, WILLIAM HENRY CHANNING, and the other friends who have promised their assistance, containing the history of what Slavery, Pro-Slavery, and Anti-Slavery are doing, with accurate summaries of foreign and domestic news, and a large literary and miscellaneous department, and all for ONE DOLLAR, in advance, and my word for it, you will be surprised at your own success. At Milford, as well as at Andover, whither I went on a similar errand, to attend the Worcester County Meeting, (of which most encouraging and interesting occasion, I should give you an account, had I not the assurance that one would be furnished by an abler hand,) I found the friends ready to undertake this work, and some of them already engaged in it with excellent success. Let there be "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," and the Standard will be placed in a position which will enable it to communicate the facts of Slavery and the arguments of Anti-Slavery to thousands and tens of thousands of minds.

D. Y.

From our Philadelphia Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, 25th June, 1846.

MR. GAY:—Recent events have confirmed Abolitionists in the conviction, that it is dangerous to repose trust in any man who holds a political office in this country, or who will give his allegiance to the Constitution of the United States, with a full knowledge of the pro-slavery character of that instrument. How many of us have, in the silent recesses of the heart, thanked the Hon. William Slade for his manly and determined opposition to the slave-power. How many of us have read, with hearts beating with joy at this evidence of the progress of the cause, the startling declaration of the Hon. George N. Briggs, that the annexation of Texas would "inevitably result in a dissolution of the Union, and fully justify it." And how many of us have listened with enthusiastic admiration to the thrilling and fiery rebukes which Cassius M. Clay has launched against the slaveholding oligarchy, in whose hands are the destinies of this union of Commonwealths, while that oligarchy were using the power and means of this nation for the subjugation of foreign States, and for the extension, over the vast regions laid open to it by our armies, of the blasting curse of American Slavery. Behold these men in the hour of trial. Governor Slade calls upon the military of Anti Slavery Vermont, in the name of the Government of the United States, to march to the plains of Mexico, and battle under the banners of that Slavery which he had so boldly confronted. Governor Briggs orders out the troops of Massachusetts, and asserts, that he who refuses to support the Government in this war, after having taken the oath of fealty, is a "perjured traitor;" and Cassius M. Clay, descending deliberately from the lofty position which he has occupied, declares, "We have volunteered for the war,"—"resistance to it now would be rebellion." Those portions of the Whig press, with a few honorable exceptions, which had denounced this war as one of conquest, now give flattering accounts of "the gallantry of our officers and soldiers," artfully written, so as to gratify our national vanity; while the small fry, waiting respectfully till the editors of the mammoth sheets have uttered their oracles, venture to give in their approval, and proceed to edify their readers with their independent and profound opinions concerning the probable effects and termination of the contest. Among the latter class, the American Citizen, the organ of the Liberty party for Eastern Pennsylvania, holds a conspicuous position. The editor of this paper has recently distinguished himself in an article on Mexico, in which he shows cause why Abolitionists should not express any hasty and inconsiderate indignation against the course which our Government has pursued in this matter, and delivers himself as follows:

"Under the circumstances of the case, how are the Abolitionists of this country to act upon the question? Shall we express a sympathy with Mexico? Surely not, for Mexico does not deserve our sympathy. Shall it be with our own country? But we need not ask this question; the natural tendency of our hearts is towards our own, our "native land," and although our judgment tells us she is wrong, our hearts will throb with anxiety lest she suffer the deserved consequences of her voluntary wrong position. Men may reason with me as much as they please against the wrong which my mother has inflicted upon her neighbor, and may convince me fully that she is in the wrong, but my heart says she is my mother still, and I cannot take part with a neighbor against my mother. There is no argument successful against love: I love her, and that's enough. So I love my country, and whilst she has possession of my heart, even the wickedness of those who administer her affairs cannot make me sympathize with her enemies. I love my country still, and I must cling to her whilst I try to hurl from power those who recklessly enact and administer her laws. Between my heart and my head, therefore, in this matter, I come to the conclusion, that Abolitionists, whilst they fully judge of and condemn the course of those who administer our Government when they do wrong, should, nevertheless, take no action that would imply a hope of Mexico's success.

"For my own part I should regard it a great calamity, not only to our country, but to Mexico herself, for the latter to succeed in this struggle. To take from her rulers the power to exercise a military despotism, will do her people a benefit, and although the means of effecting it may not be very honorable to our national character, the Mexican people will probably feel in the end, that the defeat of their Government is a blessing to themselves. On the other hand, should Mexico succeed, of which there could be no probability, without the aid of foreign powers, it would only strengthen the despotic character of her military chieftains, whilst it would be the ruin of the United States."

The article from which I make this extract exhibits a most ludicrous compound of the paltering timidity which so eminently characterizes the Liberty party, and the glowing patriotism of the pro-slavery press, and is calculated, by its plausibility, to deceive many whose sympathies are with us. In order to "define the position" of the editor more fully, I subjoin the following pithy item:

"ANNEXATION OF MEXICO.—Judging from the remarks of the Ledger, of this city, we suppose there is some thought of our Government annexing Mexico to the United States. I hope this is to be the result. I go in for its annexation, but not to accomplish it by war and national dishonor."

Some of the advocates of the Liberty party here, find consolation in the fact that the editor has since abandoned the position he at first assumed, and now boldly denounces the doctrine that our country is to be defended, "right or wrong;" but I confess I am able to glean little solace from this consideration. On the contrary, I do not scruple to declare, that a man who can, under existing circumstances, pursue such a course, is totally unworthy of the confidence of anti-slavery men, and will surely desert them in the hour of need. If he acts as he has done through weakness, (which we may charitably admit,) he is none the more worthy of trust. I do not doubt that his additional proof of the inefficiency of the organ of the Liberty party, will be one of the means of hastening that winnowing of the wheat from the chaff which will yet be made.

The "Home Missionary Society," an association established in this city for the benefit of the destitute, colored as well as white, have lately been favored with an address from "General Sam Houston, one of the members of Congress from Texas," after which, I learn from the papers, this pious individual attended divine service at the Rev. Mr. Chambers' church. Subsequently, in company with his colleague, General Rusk, he patriotically visited Independence Hall, to the great admiration, no doubt, of the awe-struck spectators. It is said that this missionary association are about to build a "Home of Industry," for the recipients of their charity, and fearing that the mob, who suspect the society for too much abolitionism, would make an attack upon the building, one of the most prominent of the members decided upon inviting General Houston to lecture before them, as an evidence to the contrary. I presume the association will be suspected no longer.

Hastily yours, H. W. G.

Notes on New Books.

Lyra Innocentium: Thoughts in prose and verse on Christian children, their ways and their privileges. "Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them." New-York: Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

Although there is nothing in the title page, or introduction to this book indicating its origin, we take it for granted that it is a reprint from an English edition, and that it is the production of the author of "The Christian Year." It is perfectly honest to reprint anybody's books in this manner, we are aware, because it is lawful, according to the statute, and in conformity with universal custom. It is lawful, too, and in our own blessed country, too, with its glorious institutions, its Fourth of July, and its bill of rights, to steal men and women, innocent little babes and venerable elders, and sell them in auction marts for perpetual slaves. But we cannot, for the lives of us, fashion our thoughts into an approval of such legal practices. It is not unlikely that the publishers of this book have paid for the privilege of printing it, as we know they have done in very many cases; it is not this case in particular which has suggested our remarks upon a scandalous custom, but the universal habit of the trade. Readers have rights if authors have not, and they may reasonably expect to be informed of the source whence a book is derived which gives them pleasure and instruction, and as everybody does not read the Literary Gazette in this country, the majority of readers must derive their knowledge of a book from the book itself. Our booksellers should, therefore, out of respect to their customers, if they have none for the authors whose property they plunder, give some note of the origin of the books which they reprint, in the title-pages or elsewhere. For our own part, when we hear a voice we like to know where it comes from.

Lyra Innocentium is a neat volume of three hundred and fifty pages, containing one hundred and fourteen little poems, intended by the author for the use of mothers and nurses, to serve in some sort as an ecclesiastical year book for the benefit of children. But the style of the author strikes us as peculiarly ill-fitted to please the delicate and fastidious taste of the nursery. We cannot presume to question the orthodoxy of so eminent a Churchman as Mr. Keble, but "Christian children," sounds in our ears terribly pleonastic. If all children are not Christians we are living without hope in the world, and there is no truth in the words of Christ, who said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." But we are, perhaps, a little hypercritical, the reverend author no doubt meant by Christian children such as had been baptized by consecrated hands. As a specimen of the author's poetical power, we give a couple of stanzas from his versified poem, writing them ourselves, however, without any regard to verses which seem quite unnecessary in such a composition:

Whoso reads, in pity kneel for him, and pour a deep
heart-prayer (O much it needs) that lies may be his hope
no more. Pray that the mist, by sin and shame left on
his soul, may fleet; that he a true and timely word may
frame for weary hearts, that ask to see their way in our
dim twilight hour; his lips so pursed with penance fire,
that he may guide them in Christ's power, along the
path of their desire; and with no faint nor erring voice
may to the wanderer whisper, "Stay: God chooses for
thee: seal His choice, nor from thy Mother's shadow
stray: for sure thine holy Mother's shade rests yet upon
thine ancient home. no voice from Heaven hath clearly
said, 'let us depart;' then fear to roam."

We make another extract from one of the "Cradle Songs," as a specimen of the author's feeling, and of his power of versification:

"The Lord, th' all-gracious, hides not all His Ire:
Through the dim chinks of his decaying earth
Gleams ever and anon th' unwasted fire
Startling rude eyes, and shaming lawless mirth.
Even in the joy of Harvest see His Brand
Over the chaff is kindling; sheaves for food
And tares for fire, He binds in equal band.
At vintage time His robes are rolled in blood.
His Angels and His Saints cry out, How long?
His little ones, full keenly are they bent
To right the fallen and redress the wrong.
Full eagerly to justice run unsent."

There are seventeen more stanzas, in a similar strain, of this cradle hymn, which are enough to make the blood of a doctor of divinity curdle in his veins. If the Pope of Rome, or the Archbishop of Canterbury, should go out to nurse, a very strong imagination might be able to conceive of his singing this formidable lullaby over the cradle of his precious little charge. But in the name of all the gentle influences which surround the sacred head of infancy, what can Mr. Keble mean by calling such an high-church homily a Cradle Song?

Those who sit down to read the songs in Lyra Innocentium, whether in the nursery or the parlor, should, every few pages, turn back to the first leaf and refresh themselves by reading the four lines of poetry which the author has graciously placed there from Wadsworth, like a spring in a desert, to invigorate the thirsty travellers who accompany him in his weary march:

"O, dearest, dearest boy! my heart
For better love would seldom yearn,
Could I but teach the hundredth part,
Of what from thee I learn."

This is a gush of natural tenderness, of love, wisdom, and poetry, but Mr. Keble's gushes of song and feeling are the effects of a force-pump which sets our teeth on edge by its clatter.

Thoughts on the Poets. By Henry T. Tuckerman. C. S. Francis & Co. New-York. 1846.

The poets, upon whom Mr. Tuckerman has here given us his thoughts, are the English bards, (excepting Scott,) who have written since the time of Gray; Bryant and Drake, among the Americans, and Petrarch and Alfieri, among the Italians. Mr. Tuckerman's thoughts are very correct, and his style smooth and quiet. The volume is an elegant one, and we are glad to learn that it has an extensive circulation, which it merits.

To Correspondents.

R. C. will receive the papers for the future as he directs. We are glad to know that he approves our plan.

We regret the mistakes which W. H. B. mentions in his last letter. It is evident, we presume, that the blunder was at the R. Express office.

The documents which E. D. H. wished for, have been sent to S. Should he have left there, we presume they will be forwarded.

We are looking for good accounts from S. J. M. Many thanks to him for his acceding so readily to our wishes.

T. P.'s letter is received. We regret exceedingly to hear of the cause which prevents a compliance with our request.

E. M. D. is informed that we are waiting anxiously for the information asked in our last. The comfort of a friend is very dependent upon it. We would rather it should *not* be communicated through the Freeman.

We hope that H. W. G. will not permit any obstacle to interfere with his communications for the Standard. They will always be welcome.

The back numbers of the paper have been sent to W. H. W. and we presume they have been received. His change of residence led to an error in our mail-books, which is now rectified.

"Ernest" shall appear next week.

E. Q. will see in this week's paper a good reason for not publishing a certain article even had it been received sooner. It will keep without spoiling till next week.

S. D. F.'s letter is received. But the article by which we were to be guided was not enclosed. We will cheerfully attend to it when it is sent.

We hope that the information which J. W. will find in another column, will not take the wind out of his sails. We think there is room enough on the ocean for both crafts, especially as we presume their rig is somewhat different.

The letter of M. M. H. contained only a single three dollar note of the Bank mentioned. We are sure of our correctness, as the deficiency was noted when the letter was opened.

The letter of E. D. of M. is received. In the list sent us his name was put down as Boston—hence the mistake. He will receive the paper regularly hereafter.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from May 1, to June 1, 1846.

Nathan Graves, Richmond, Ia.	$2 00
Smith Gray, Walpole, Mass.	2 50
Wm T. Parker, Northampton, Mass.	4 00
Dr. D. Hughes, Hampton, Ct.	3 00
Mrs. S. Allen, Woonsocket, R. I.	3 00
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Cornelius Whittaker, New Lisbon, Ohio	2 00
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C. F. Hovey, Gloucester, Mass.	2 00
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Samuel Hollingsworth, Oakland, "	2 00
Phebe Whipple, " "	1 00
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Henry Willis, Battle Creek, Mich.	7 50
John P. Plank, Herkimer, N. Y.	2 00
Daniel Underwood, Williamson, "	2 00
Samuel Nichols, Columbiana, Ohio.	5 00
	132 66
Total amount,	$132 66

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

Married,

In Puerto Cabello, S. A. May 14th, *Benjamin Ellery Greene*, of Boston, to Senorita *Merced de Valenzuela*, of Caracccas.

In Boston, on the 21st ultimo, at the New Jerusalem Church, Mr. *Stephen B. Stewart*, of Boston, to Miss *Clarissa Lord*, of Brownfield, Me.

At Greigsville, Livingston county, on the 18th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. McDonald, *Hugh Harding* Esq. editor of the Mount Morris Spectator, to Mrs. *Elizabeth J. McEntee*, daughter of Hon. Peter Patterson.

In Jerusalem, the Holy City, April 11th, by Rev. S. L. Pomroy, of Bangor, (Me.) United States of America, *M. Hermann Marcusshon Ben Marius* to *Christine Feige*, daughter of Asher Leib Ducat, all of Jerusalem, and all the descendants of Abraham.

At Paris, France, May 20th, *Ferdinand de Lasteyrie*, member of the Chamber of Deputies, to Miss *Washington Seabrook*, of the United States.

At Tunis, Africa, March 24th, *C. L. Ferrier*, of England, to *Susan A. M.* youngest daughter of S. D. Heap, Esq. U. S. Consul.

In the Church of Cheranceaux, near Bordeaux, France, May 14th, *Camilla Jean Baptist Coindreau*, of the Army, to *Charlotte Augusta*, daughter of the late Robert J. Brown, of Boston.

On 5th day, 11th ultimo, at the house of John Bartlett, near Easton, Maryland, according to the order of Friends, *Thomas Mifflin*, of Camden, Delaware, to *Susan M. Kemb*, daughter of the late Robert Bartlett, of the former place.

In Philadelphia, on Monday evening, the 22d ultimo, *Caroline Elizabeth*, only daughter of Samuel and Susan Kimber, in the 5th year of her age.

In Philadelphia, on the 22d instant, by Rev. Mr. Samson, of Nashua, (N. H.) *Edwin Samson*, Esq. of Boston, (firm of Twombly & Samson,) to Miss *Mary*, eldest daughter of Dr. Paul Swift, of Philadelphia.

Died,

At Cambridge, of consumption, on the 22d ultimo, *Helen*, second daughter of Ebenezer and Hannah Francis, aged 19 years, 5 months.

At Roxbury, 23d ultimo, at her father's residence, Miss *Arria Sargent*, aged 18 years, daughter of Epes Sargent, Esq.

In Boston, on Sunday, the 21st ultimo, Hon. *Daniel Messenger*, aged 78 years.

In Cambria, on the 17th ultimo, Col. *Aaron Beach*, in the 87th year of his age. A revolutionary patriot.

In Philadelphia, on the 16th ultimo, in the 88th year of her age, Mrs. *Elizabeth Ingersoll*, widow of the late Jared Ingersoll.

On Monday morning, the 8th ultimo, the Hon. *Archibald Randall*, Judge of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

In Dartmouth, 6th ultimo, Mrs. *Deborah*, wife of Mr. John Handy, for many years a worthy member of the Society of Friends, in the 68th year of her age.

At Springfield, Mass on Sunday, the 21st ultimo, *Horace Draper*, Esq. aged 52 years.

In Gloucester, 15th ultimo, Mrs. *Sarah Haskell*, aged 92 years and 8 months.

In Lowell, 20th ultimo, very suddenly, of typhoid fever, Mr. *Abraham McNeill*, aged 64 years.

Suddenly at Newbern, North Carolina, on the 4th ultimo, Major General *John J. Pasteur*, of an affection of the heart, in the 54th year of his age.

In Starks, 4th ultimo, Mr. *John Greenleaf*, a Revolutionary soldier and pensioner, aged 90 years, 7 months, formerly of Wiscasset. He was present at the surrender of both Gen. Cornwallis and Burgoyne.

In Windsor, (Ct.) 19th ultimo, Col. *Richard Niles*, aged 61, brother of Hon. John M. Niles.

NOTICES.

FOURTH OF JULY.

Great Celebration of the Massachusetts A. S. Society and

RURAL FAIR.

In the Harrison Grove, Dedham.

☞ The trains leave the Providence dépôt, at the foot of the Common, at 8, half-past 10, and half-past 12 o'clock, A. M. and return at half-past 3, and half-past 5, P. M. The distance from Boston being but a quarter of an hour.

Visiters will find every arrangement for a most delightful fête. A GOOD BAND of MUSIC—beautiful and spacious TENTS for the exhibition of rare and beautiful articles, and refreshments, TEMPLE of FLORA, with floral band of children,—songs, recitations, a new book of stories for children, "The Liberty Cap," by Mrs. Follen. Addresses, commencing at 11 o'clock, and continuing at intervals through the day, from Wm. L. Garrison, W. H. White, James Freeman Clarke, Wm. Henry Channing, and many other distinguished friends of the cause.

☞ Should the returning cars, at half-past 5, not be able to accommodate all at the grove who wish to get into the city, and should the number be large enough to make it advisable, carriages will be in readiness to take a number to the junction of the Dedham branch with the Providence and Taunton road, where they can take the Providence and Taunton cars;—and if a few should be left, they will undoubtedly find room in the special train, which is to come in at 8 o'clock on account of the fire-works.

Anti-Slavery folks can submit to a little inconvenience when necessary, and if too numerous to be seated in the cars, they will cheerfully stand, and rejoice the more if they can believe that the large attendance of Anti-Slavery friends creates a necessity for doing it.

TORREY COMMEMORATION ON THE FOURTH.

The Anti-Slavery friends of Williamsburg intend to hold a TORREY *commemoration meeting* in that town, on the Fourth of July, at 2 o'clock, P. M. The eloquent Dr. WILLIAM ELDER, of Pennsylvania, is engaged, with others, to address the meeting. A contribution is to be taken in behalf of the widow and orphans.

ANNUAL MEETING—OLD COLONY A. S. SOCIETY.

The twelfth annual meeting of the Plymouth County Anti-Slavery Society will be holden at the Town house, in Hanover, on Wednesday and Thursday, July 8th and 9th, 1846, commencing at 9 o'clock, A. M. on each day.

This postponement of the meeting from the 4th and 5th of July has been thought advisable, on account of the great celebration at Dedham on the 4th. Wishing to add to this State celebration numbers and interest, and as we desire to see a large collection at our annual meeting, especially strangers and speakers from abroad, the adjournment of our meeting has been demanded and called for.

We hope to see a large assembly gathered at Hanover The friends of humanity and of God, throughout the Old Colony, are earnestly desired to convene in large numbers on this important occasion. The present crisis is one of the deepest interest to the cause of freedom. Come, then, men, women, and children, and strike an earnest and manly blow for truth and freedom. A cordial invitation is hereby extended to you, and all other persons, to meet with us, and take part in our deliberations. Loring Moody, of Boston, is expected to be present, and other able friends of God and humanity.

ELMER HEWITT, *President.*

H. H. BRIGHAM, *Sec.*

TO THE ABOLITIONIST OF THE WEST.

NEW-YORK, June 1st, 1846.

The American Anti-Slavery Society, at its late annual meeting, in New-York,

"Resolved, That in view of the present exigencies of the cause, and the plan of the campaign of the ensuing year, we will raise the sum of ten thousand dollars."

In accordance with this resolution, the Executive Committee of the Society resolved that a special fund be raised in the West to sustain agents in that field, and farther resolved to contribute from the Treasury of the Society, for that purpose, $400 00

Thomas Donaldson, pledged	100 00
Mary Donaldson, "	50 00
C. B. Taylor, of Pittsburgh,	50 00
Total,	600 00

All subscriptions and donations to this fund, will be promptly acknowledged in the Anti-Slavery Bugle; and the friends of the cause are urgently solicited to forward their names, with the amount they are willing to contribute, to be paid within the year, to James Barnaby, Jr. or the editors of Anti-Slavery Bugle, at Salem, Columbiana county, Ohio.

Individuals are requested to become volunteer agents to procure subscriptions in their respective neighborhoods, and to forward the names of contributors with the amount subscribed as above specified.

Abolitionists of the West, shall not the above sum be quadrupled? Your replies to that question will be heard in your actions? Will you not act? With a little effort, the sum may be more than quadrupled, and eight or ten lecturing agents kept in the field during the year.

Respectfully, SAMUEL BROOKE,
Gen'l. Ag't. Am. A. S. Soc. for West.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The Windham County Anti-Slavery Society will hold a convention at Canterbury, on the Fourth of July, next, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M. and continuing through the day. Interesting addresses may be expected on the occasion. Entertainment will be provided for friends from a distance. C. C. Burleigh and C. L. Remond, will be in attendance.

Let not the time, nor the place of our meeting be forgotten. Canterbury *has* been the scene of mournful exhibitions of negro-hating and mobocracy. Here Prudence Crandal bore her noble testimony to the true and right, in the face of scorn, abuse, violence, persecution, and imprisonment. Emulating her earnest fidelity, come to the gathering of the *free*, and consecrate to humanity a day so long desecrated by rum and powder celebrations, and hollow pretensions to freedom.

The patriot, the Christian, the philanthropist, but, above all, the *man* is invited to attend.

GEORGE SHARPE, *Pres.*

LUCIAN BURLEIGH, *Sec.*

THE RURAL FAIR.

Fourth of July at Dedham.

This effort on behalf of the cause of Freedom in MASSACHUSETTS, will be made at the "TEMPERANCE GROVE," DEDHAM, on the 4th of July.

It is the purpose of the managers to spare no exertion to redeem that day for the *present* service of righteous principle, by making it a holyday on which the whole community may enjoy with them, the pleasure of a true festival of freedom in union with the higher satisfaction of duty fulfilled, by a simultaneous exertion to aid in carrying out the principles of our forefathers.

We have made comfortable arrangements for the exhibition, and sale of a rare and valuable collection of beautiful and useful articles, such as no other opportunity can present; with fruits, flowers, and refreshments of every kind; and propose to provide such accommodations as shall make this rural festival a most happy and inviting one to all the friends from the city and surrounding country.

The Massachusetts Society intend to celebrate the day at the same time and place. Addresses from the most devoted and eloquent friends of the cause, may be expected, with vocal and instrumental music from our musical friends. More particular announcements will be given hereafter.

MARIA WESTON CHAPMAN,
ELIZA LEE FOLLEN,
For the Managers.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Western New York Anti Slavery Society has held its Third Anniversary, and to awaken, to inform, and to inspire the American people with a true sense of the iniquity of Slavery existing in our country, and to endeavor to interest their sympathies in the cause of the poor slave, we make this appeal to an intelligent public; confidently hoping that the hearts of the people will yet be made to beat in unison with liberty, that their eyes will be opened to perceive the evil working of oppression, and their ears unstopped to hear the cries of the down-trodden; to send forth an earnest voice and an efficient deed in behalf of the *right*, to assist with heart, hand, and purse in the destruction of the vile temple of Slavery, and in the strength of their *moral resolves* to work out the salvation of the enslaved, and to hasten the coming of that glorious day when men shall be slaves and oppressors no more.

Now is the time for every lover of liberty to weave for himself a garland of gratitude in the heart of the slave; to stretch forth his hand and raise him to the level of humanity.

To strike from his limbs the fetters that bind,
And lift the dark pall, that envelops his mind.

To accomplish this end, it is necessary that lectures should be delivered, and books and papers on the subject circulated; therefore the Executive Committee of the Western New-York Anti-Slavery Society have engaged for a lecturer and general agent, WILLIAM W. BROWN, an eloquent and efficient laborer in the anti slavery field; one who has felt in his own person the evils of Slavery, and with the strong voice of experience can tell of its horrors. While thus engaged he is dependent for his sustenance on the aid of the philanthropist; we would, therefore, ask of you to contribute of your abundance to the support of those who are laboring in the cause of our suffering brethren of the South, and to ask your friends and neighbors to do the same, however small the sum may be, and the blessing of those "who have none to help them" will rest upon you.

You are also respectfully informed that the anti-slavery ladies of the city of Rochester have determined to sacrifice their time and means for the purpose of holding a fair on Christmas week of this year, and New Year's day of next year; the proceeds of which are to be applied for the spreading of anti-slavery truth, in the most judicious way, for the benefit of the slave.

Any assistance that can be rendered them in carrying out this plan, either in useful or ornamental work from the hands of ladies, agricultural produce from the industry and kind hearts of farmers, or specimens of mechanical ingenuity from those who work in wood, brass, iron, or any other material, will be thankfully received, and give evidence that there is "still flesh in man's obdurate heart that feels for fellow-man."

Donations of any kind may be placed in the hands of the general agent, WM. W. BROWN, or directed to HENRY BUSH, Treasurer, Rochester, N. Y., also, communications may be addressed to the same persons,

JOSEPH C. HATHAWAY, President.
SARAH A. BURTIS, Secretary.

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Dear Friends: At the late annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, measures were adopted to sustain a number of able and devoted lecturers in this State, during the present year. One

Poetry.

THE MURDERER'S CONFESSION.

BY HORACE SMITH.

I paused not to question the devil's suggestion,
But o'er the cliff, headlong, the living was thrown,
A scream and a plashing, a foam and a flashing,
And the smothering water accomplished his slaughter,
All was silent, and I was alone.

With heart-thrilling spasm, I glanced down the chasm;
There was blood on the wave that closed over his head,
And in bubbles his breath, as he struggled with death,
Rose up to the surface. I shuddered and fled.

With footsteps that stagger'd, and countenance haggard,
I stole to my dwelling, bewildered, dismayed,
Till whisperings stealthy said—"Psha! he was wealthy—
Thou'rt his heir—no one saw thee—then be not afraid."

I summoned the neighbors, I joined in their labors,
We sought for the missing by day and by night;
We ransacked each single height, hollow, and dingle,
Till shoreward we wended, when starkly extended,
His corpse lay before us—O, God! what a sight!

And yet there was nothing for terror or loathing;
The blood had been washed from his face and his clothing,
But by no language, no life-like wide open
Eyes can be painted;—
They stared at me, flared at me, angrily glared at me,
I felt murder-attainted;
Yet my guilty commotion seemed ruth and devotion,
When I shuddered and fainted.

No hint finds emission that breathes of suspicion,
None dare utter a sound when an inquest has found
His death accidental;
Whence then and wherefore, having nothing to care for,
These agonies mental?
Why grieve, and why sicken, frame-withered, soul-stricken?

Age-paralyzed, sickly, he must have died quickly,
Each day brought some new ill;
Why leave him to languish and struggle with anguish?
The deed that relieved him from all that aggrieved him,
Was kindly, not cruel.

In procession extended, a funeral splendid,
With bannered displays and escutcheons emblazoned,
To church slowly passed,
When a dread apparition astounded my vision:
Like an aspen leaf shaking, dumb-founded and quaking,
I stood all aghast!

From its nailed coffin prison, the corpse had arisen,
And in all its shroud vesture, with menacing gesture,
And eye-balls that stared at me, flared at me, glared at me,
It pointed—it flouted its slayer, and shouted
In accents that thrilled me,
"That ruthless dissembler, that guilt-stricken trembler
Is the villain who killed me!"

'Twas fancy's creation—mere hallucination—
A lucky delusion, for again my confusion,
Guilt's evidence sinister, seemed to people and minister
The painful achievement of grief and bereavement.

Then why these probations, these self-condemnations,
Incessant and fearful?
Some with impunity snatch opportunity,
Slay—and exult in concealment's immunity,
Free from forebodings and heartfelt corrodings,
They fear no disclosure, no public exposure,
And sleeping unhaunted, and waking undaunted
Live happy and cheerful.

To 'scape the ideal let me dwell on the real.
I, a pauper so lately,
In abundance possessing life's every blessing,
Fine st eds in my stable, rare wines on my table,
Servants dressed gaily, choice banquets daily,
A wife fond and beautiful, children most dutiful,
I, a pauper so lately, live richly and greatly,
In a mansion house stately.

Life's blessings?—Oh, liar! all are curses most dire—
In the midst of my revels,
His eyes ever staring, and flaring, and glaring!
Before me, when treading my manors outspreading,
There yawns an abysmal cliff precipice dismal;
Isolation has vanished, all silence is banished,
Where'er I immew me, his death-shrieks pursue me,
I am haunted by devils.

My wine, clear and ruddy, seems turbid and bloody:
I cannot quaff water—recalling his slaughter,
My terror it doubles, 'tis beaded with bubbles,
Each filled with his breath,
And every glass in each hisses—"Assassin!
My curse shall affright thee, haunt, harrow, and blight thee,
In blight and in death!"

My daughters, their mother, contend with each other
Who will show most affection, best soothe my dejection.
Revolting endearments! their garments seem cerements,
And I shudder with loathing at their grave-tainted clothing.
Home and the mercies,
That to others are dearest, to me are the direarest
And deadliest curses.

When free from this error, I thrill with the terror,
(Thought horrid to dwell on!)
That the wretch whom they cherish may shamefully perish;
Be publicly gibbeted, branded, exhibited,
As a murderous felon!

O punishment hellish! the house I embellish,
From centre to corner upraids its adorner,
A door's lowest creaking swells into a shrieking;
Against me each column bears evidence solemn,
Each statue 's a Nemesis;
They follow me, infest me, they strive to arrest me,
Till, in terrified sadness that verges on madness,
I rush from the premises.

The country's amenity brings no serenity,
Each rural sound seeming a menace or screaming;
There 's not a bird or beast but cries, "Murder!
There goes the offender!
Dog him, waylay him, encompass him, slay him,
And make him surrender!"

My flower-beds splendid seem eyes blood-distended—
His eyes, ever staring, and flaring, and glaring!
I turn from them quickly, but phantoms more sickly
Drive me hither and thither;
I would forfeit most gladly wealth stolen so madly,
Quitting grandeur and revelry to fly from this devilry,
But whither—oh! whither?

Hence, idle delusions! hence, fears and confusions!
Not a single friend's severance lessens men's reverence,
No neighbor of rank quits my sumptuous banquets
Without lauding their donor.
Throughout the wide country I'm famed for my bounty,
All hold me in honor.

Let the dotard and craven by fear be enslaven.
They have vanished! How fast fly these images ghastly,
When in firm self-reliance,
You determine on treating the brain's sickly cheating
With scorn and defiance!

Ha! ha! I am fearless henceforward, and tearless,
No coinage of fancy, no dream's necromancy,
Shall sadden and darken—God help me!—hist!—hearken!
'Tis the shriek, soul-appalling, he uttered when falling!
By day thus affrighted, 'tis worse when benighted;
With the clock's midnight boom from the church o'er his tomb
There comes a sharp screaming, too fearful for dreaming:
Bone-fingers, unholy, draw the foot-curtains slowly—
O, God! how they stare at me, flare at me, glare at me,
Those eyes of a Gorgon!
Beneath the clothes sinking, with shuddering shrinking,
A mental orgasm and bodily spasm
Convulse every organ.

Nerves a thousand times stronger could bear it no longer.
Grief, sickness, compunction, dismay in conjunction,
Nights and days ghost-prolific, more grim and terrific
Than judges and juries,
Make the heart writhe and falter more than gibbet and halter.
Arrest me, secure me, seize, handcuff, immure me!
I own my transgression—will make full confession—
Quick! quick! let me plunge in some dark-vaulted dungeon,
Where, though tried and death-fated, I may not be hated
By devils and furies!

Miscellany.

From the Whig Review.

TERRESTRIAL PLEASURES.

Swedenborg relates in one of his books that an angel told him there were in one of the lower heavens about four hundred and seventy-eight pleasures, or varieties of pleasure. The angel did not speak with that degree of exactness which should distinguish the conversation of a celestial being. There may be more, or there may be less. About four hundred and seventy-eight is too indefinite. Even an angel ought not to exaggerate the joys of heaven, and we may well believe that one of the blessed could not underrate their enjoyments. It will be safe to believe, therefore, that the pleasures of heaven are at least four hundred and seventy-eight in number; some, who have seen the rough side of the world, may think the estimate too large by half, and be unable to believe that even in heaven they could enjoy so great an amount of pleasure; but others, who have tasted all the delights of this earth, will think the number quite small, and that the difference between this world and the next, is nothing to speak of after all. For my own part, I will not deny that the number of heavenly delights, appear to me excessively large, and I have been trying to enumerate all the terrestrial pleasures, that I may ascertain the exact arithmetical difference between heaven and earth. There are some pleasures which must be common to both states of existence, such as the pleasures of devotion, of doing good, of the higher order of music, of contemplating the glory of our Maker, &c.; but what I mean by terrestrial pleasures, are such as can only be experienced in our bodily existence, which are of the earth, earthy. There is a possibility of realizing a heaven as well as a hell upon earth. There are some people, the majority of people, indeed, and strangest of all, a majority of religious people, who are forever decrying the earth and everything connected with it, forgetful that God made it, and pronounced it good. We cannot but think that those who are dissatisfied with this world, will be equally dissatisfied with the next.

Wishing to get the views of my friends on this subject, I asked a gentleman the other day, who had recently lost five thousand dollars by a decline in the price of stocks, how many different pleasures he had a knowledge of in this world. He replied not one. But he expected to realize a very great pleasure soon in getting out of the world. This was one I had not set down in my list, so I added it to the number.

The great difficulty in making a list of earthly pleasures, is to distinguish a pleasure from a pain. People often say that certain things give them the greatest pleasure, which I am certain must give extreme pain. The old saying about one man's meat being another's poison, cannot be reversed. What is poison to one is poison to all. Our pains are positive; the greater part of our pleasures are purely conventional or imaginary. The "very great pleasures" which one experiences in entertaining his wife's aunt, or second cousin, who lives at the other end of the city, and has been taking tea with your family, while you have been wearying yourself in your office, it would be difficult to analyze; or the "pleasure" of endorsing a friend's note, if you had not pledged yourself to your partner not to do such a thing, is extremely subtle and difficult of detection. Considering the very great pleasure which the endorsing of notes and lending of money would give to some people, we may well wonder that they should take oaths and sign pledges not to do such things. Men who will voluntarily deprive themselves of these delights by leaving their pocket-books at home, or pledging themselves to their wives or partners, are entitled to as much honor as St. Simon Stylites. One little dreams of the ascetics in Wall street, who forswear the "greatest pleasure in the world," until one attempts to borrow a small sum of money among his friends. Men who submit to these deprivations so heroically, are to be the more commended because these are pleasures, which are ranked among the purely earthly ones. Lending money in the next world we know to be entirely out of the question, firstly, because nobody ever took anything with him out of this, and secondly, we all know that rich men are not admitted into heaven at all. These two considerations must partly increase our admiration of those heroic souls, who so resolutely deny themselves the pleasures of lending and endorsing, since they are the only pleasures which their wealth can procure them!

I knew a pious lady, who, thinking her brother's mind was too much engrossed by his business, began to talk to him about preparing for another and a better world. "A better world!" he replied, "this world is good enough for me." This man was either a fool or a saint; he was either to be envied or despised. He was either humble in spirit, and felt that his fate equalled his deserts, or he was proud of himself and his gettings, and thought this life "hard to beat." He was not one of those ascetics who denied himself the pleasure of lending or endorsing, because such acts gave him no pleasure at all, and therefore he refrained from them.

In a state of existence where there are about four hundred and seventy-eight different pleasures, there can be no necessity for pleasure parties, such as we have here, where the real pleasure consists in getting away from them. The pleasure of entertaining one's friends, in a fashionable sense, is a purely terrestrial enjoyment. Entertaining angels unawares is half celestial; but that is a different kind of entertainment. Angels have never manifested a partiality for gas-lights, that I ever heard of; neither do they visit in white satin or patent leather. Fashionable people, therefore, can never hope to entertain angels, but they often furnish a good deal of entertainment for their friends, when they have no thought of entertaining them. In this way they may sometimes entertain angels—fallen ones—quite unawares. As this is a purely terrestrial pleasure, one that angels, even, can have no knowledge of, I cannot resist the temptation to give an account of one of these pleasures in which I participated a few months ago.

The lady who had the pleasure of entertaining her friends, was but in moderate circumstances, although she had a circle of rich acquaintances who had once been poor, and were now, as a matter of course, fond of displaying their wealth. Her house was small, and when all the rooms were emptied of their furniture, they were capable of containing fifty persons comfortably, provided they all stood up, and stood still. One of the rooms was to be appropriated for dancing, another for the supper, and the third—which was one of those little closets called a tea-room—for conversation, music, and flirting. The guests invited numbered one hundred and fifty, and they all came to enjoy the pleasure of witnessing the discomfort of each other, and laughing at their entertainers. They began to assemble at nine, and by ten the rooms were so full that those who came after had to return without being able to get their feet into the little passage which was good-humoredly called the hall. When the fiddlers attempted to play for the dancers, they could not make room for their elbows. But a couple of Mons. Chanaud's pupils, who had got into the middle of the floor for a waltz, succeeded in whirling round to the piping of a clarionet, as though they turned on a pivot. It was impossible to talk, because the breath was squeezed out of everybody's lungs. Several of the gentlemen fainted. The ladies being accustomed to tight-lacing, stood the squeeze better. A good many corns were ground beneath heavy heels, and no toll taken. After much suffering, the doors of the supper-room were thrown open about midnight. A rush was made for the tables so sudden and impetuous, that a pair of decanters and a trencher of oyster soups were swept off, and trampled under foot. Those who had succeeded in grasping something, found themselves so closely pinioned by the crowd, that they could not carry their hands to their mouths. One gentleman, who had secured the leg of a boned turkey on his fork, had his hand suddenly forced above his head, and being unable to retain his hold, the fork fell upon the head of somebody behind him, and a third, making a desperate grasp for the choice morsel, pulled off the gentleman's entire head of splendid chestnut hair. This misfortune was considerably heightened by the gentleman who had displaced the head of hair, attempting, in the confusion, to fasten it upon the wrong head. In a very short time the supper-table was completely cleared, but nobody succeeded in getting anything to eat. In addition to the decanters and the trencher, a solar lamp and a cut glass *epergne* were dashed to pieces. Finding that supper was out of the question, the guests began to leave as fast as they could disentangle themselves, and about daylight the givers of the feast crept wearily to bed with the pleasant reflection of having wasted half a year's income in rendering their friends miserable for an entire evening, and themselves ridiculous for the remainder of their lives.

It would be an easy matter to get up an entertainment, where pleasure to guests and host would be certain. What a purely terrestrial pleasure it would be to open a fine house for the entertainment of poor widows and orphans. How little danger there would be of offending anybody's taste on such an occasion, and one would feel sure of being well spoken of by one's guests! Everybody must remember Charles Lamb's, eccentric friend, who used to give an annual dinner of fried sausages to the London chimney sweeps, and the delightful account which Elia gave of an entertainment of the kind, which he had the good fortune to enjoy. I remember that I wondered when I first read it that such feasts were not given daily, instead of yearly, there seemed to be such delight in them. The Lord Mayor's dinner in Guildhall, and Mr. Rogers' breakfasts, are poor things in comparison with the chimney sweeps' dinner.

In the queer old town in which I was born, where fish formed the staple food of the people, it used to be the custom, and may be so still, for the wealthy families who kept a cow, to give what they called a veal feast, annually, at which all the near relations of the family were invited, from the great-grandparents down to the great-grandchildren—not the slightest distinction being made in respect of worldly circumstances. On these occasions a whole calf was usually cooked and served up in a variety of ways, in capacious pewter dishes, which shone brighter than many services of silver which I have seen. There was always a prodigal display of finery at these feasts, but it was not such finery as they purchase at fancy stores, for nothing could be plainer than the dresses which were worn, drab being the pervading color; but there were fine eyes, fine teeth fine forms, fine complexions, and above all, fine countenances, in which you could find no resemblance to either servility or pride. The grandfathers, uncles, and fathers-in-law wore drab breeches, and fine, fleecy hosiery, which clung to the comfortable-looking legs which they enclosed as though they loved them, and took pride in displaying their wonderfully fine proportions; the grandmothers, aunts, and mothers-in-law, wore rich brown silks, which rustled tremendously when their wearers moved, with shirt-sleeves that left bare for anybody's admiration, (and who would not admire them,) arms, which it would have been sinful to cover up. The young people were similarly dressed, but somewhat tempered by worldly fashion, of course. The drink at these feasts was good old cider, for the farmers had not begun to destroy their apple-orchards to promote the cause of temperance. Dinner was put upon the table exactly at twelve, and after they had feasted, servants and all—for the servants were probably cousins—the remains of the feast were nicely dished up and sent to the sick and the poor of their acquaintance. A feast like this might be kept in Lent, without endangering one's chance of reaching heaven; at least, I think so; but I may be wrong. Here, then, was pleasure in entertaining company, and the pleasure was mutual; but the pleasure of receiving company, generally, means the misery of giving misery to others.

Some people talk of the pleasure of doing good, as though they believed there was any pleasure in it. Why not do good always, and so keep up a round of pleasure, if they like it? There are pious people who give ten dollars to the poor, and a hundred for a breast-pin: which affords them the greatest pleasure? They give a thousand dollars for a conspicuous pew in church, and sixpence at a charity sermon! It is a great mistake to suppose that the world has any admiration for goodness. They may admire it for its rarity, as they do a green lizard, or a lady with pink eyes, but they have no more wish to resemble it themselves than they have to resemble a lizard or an Albinoss. It is a common observation among politicians, that Mr. So-and-so is too good a man to be popular; and yet these people are as proud as peacocks when their political friends compliment them by the tender of a nomination for office, although it is a tacit acknowledgment that they are considered wicked, or weak enough to be popular. Virtue does not lie level with the public eye, and it is easier to look down than up. A man would attract more notice in a gutter than on the roof of a house. If you would be seen by the crowd, you must get above their heads. The world takes no pleasure in the reward of goodness. If virtue is to be a test of merit, they say, what will become of us? It is expecting too much to ask the world to take pleasure in its own condemnation. Was not Christ crucified, and Barabbas liberated?

It was the fashion a few years ago, with poets, to write long poems with a single pleasure for a theme: as the Pleasures of Hope, Memory, and so forth; Dr. McHenry, we believe, closed the catalogue with the Pleasures of Friendship. Swedenborg has written a very long book on the Pleasures of Conjugal Love, a theme which no poet has yet employed. And this is a pleasure common to both worlds. Many pleasures have not the least smack of a celestial aura. Such are the pleasures of getting in debt, and getting out of it, the last being the greatest of all terrestrial delights, because it rids one of that frightful monster—a dun. The pleasures of eating, drinking, sleeping, smoking, and fighting, we will only name—they are for the Sancho Panzas and Bobadils of the world, for members of Congress, and Jobbers. The pleasures of dress, which the ladies experience in a high degree, are purely terrestrial. It is melancholy to reflect, that these charming beings, who give so much pleasure themselves, must be deprived of this pleasure in the next world, where one pair of purple wings must last them forever. The pleasure of getting money is also purely of this world, but the pleasure of getting rid of it is half paradisaical—particularly if it be given away; for to give, is to imitate the Giver of all things. The pleasure of lending is at best a Wall street pleasure, which must depend for its intensity, very much, on the kind of security taken. The pleasure of reading and writing, and of seeing yourself in print for the first time, are purely terrestrial; so is the pleasure of being criticised and misquoted, and misunderstood; of scandal; of hearing and telling news; of collecting books, pictures, shells, coins, autographs, everything but taxes; the pleasure of meeting a friend in a duel, and shooting him; of dancing; and the pleasure of singing, which is also celestial. No pleasure is more earthly than that of being cheated, which we have good authority for believing is quite equal to the pleasure of cheating, which must account for the great number of cheats in the world. Cheating, like charity, is twice blessed. A pain can never be a pleasure, but a pleasure may become a pain, as there may be pleasure in writing dull essays, or there would not be so many written, but there can never be any pleasure in reading them. The pleasure of (first) appearing in print is like that of falling in love, it can never be repeated. It is a rainbow which gilds the mists of life but once; but it may occur at the close as well as at the beginning of day. Connected with this is the pleasure of being puffed, which an angel might envy. We know a young author of sixty-five ripe years, who, at that thoughtless age, has had the imprudence to publish his first book; he haunts his publisher's daily, in the expectation of reading a review of his speculations in theology; he is as fidgety and abstracted as a young lover, and I dare say repeats to himself, "the course of authorship never did run smooth." It is a pleasure in itself to see the old white-headed youngster, with a pair of magnifying glasses on his nose, searching the papers in his publisher's office, in quest of a notice of his book. Poor old boy! It would have been happy for him, if he had never learned the real value of a newspaper puff. One morning he walked into his publisher's counting-room with a step as elastic as youth; his eyes sparkled through their glasses, and his white hair glistened like burnished silver; a vernal joy beamed from his whole body. "I have got an excellent notice," he exclaimed, pulling a newspaper from his pocket. "And what surprises me is that so discriminating a critic should have read my book so early. I must find him out. But hear what he says:—'This is a remarkable production, and we predict for it a rapid sale and a wide popularity. The profound thought, extensive learning, and original style of the author, will place him among the most remarkable men of the age. No library can be considered complete without it.' Complimentary, isn't it?" said the gratified author.

"You may well say so," coldly replied the publisher, "I wrote it myself."

"You wrote it?" exclaimed the author, staring wildly at his publisher, "and are those your real views?"

"To tell you the truth, my dear friend, I have not read a word of your book," said the publisher; "but I have no doubt it deserves all I have said about it."

The venerable young author was dreadfully shocked; but he cut out the notice, nevertheless, and put it away carefully in his pocket-book to be used in the event of his book going to a second edition.—Poor mortals who expect pleasure from such painted bladders as newspaper puffs, meet with a good many disagreeable shocks. A young artist who exhibited his first picture in the National Academy not many years since, after working himself into a fever, and spending two or three sleepless nights because it was not hung in the line, at last took refuge for consolation in the newspapers, where he searched with aching eyes every morning for a notice. There seemed to be a conspiracy among the critics not to notice his picture at all, and then there seemed to be a conspiracy to crush him. He was nearly driven to madness by their remarks. One found fault with his drawing, another with his subject, and another with his color; some recommended him to quit painting, some to adopt landscape, and some to go to Italy. The last advice he thought very sensible, but very cruel, for his means were scarcely sufficient to enable him to remain at home. At last he took up a weekly paper, and exclaimed, "Eureka!" as his eyes greedily ran over a criticism in these words: "No. 59. A truly charming performance. The tone, color, composition, and subject of this work, have afforded us unqualified pleasure. The artist is an honor to his country; let him persevere in his profession with an eye upon the great names of Europe, and he will be sure of fame and fortune. The shadows are a little too opaque, and the color is, perhaps, too raw, while the drawing is not as correct as it might be; but in other respects, especially a certain cool warmth of the sky, the picture is perfect. It reminds us forcibly of the old masters." "And I, too, am a painter!" exclaimed the happy Stipple, as he thrust the paper into his pocket, and hurried home to read the glorious notice to his mother and sister. It would not be believed if we told the exact number of times that the delighted artist read this criticism, trying to discern the real meaning of the critic. What puzzled him most, was the comparison of the old masters. It nearly brought on a fever trying to guess which of the old masters was meant. At last he resolved to call upon the critic for an explanation, not doubting a hearty welcome from one who entertained such exalted views of his genius.

The critic was a small lawyer, to whom the publisher of the weekly paper had given a ticket to the exhibition on the condition of his writing a spicy review of the pictures; and having abused No. 58, he praised No. 59 by way of contrast, and to give an air of picturesqueness to his criticisms. The blushing artist having announced his name, Mr. Stipple, on entering the critic's office, was rather dashed at being met by a blank stare from that terrible personage.

"My name is Stipple," he said again; "I painted number 59, which you had the kindness to notice."

"Oh, indeed!" said the critic, "sit down, Mr. Stipple."

The artist sat down, and after waiting some time in silence, ventured to ask his admirer which of the old masters it was whose works had been brought to mind by his humble attempt in art?

"Which of them? why, the whole of them," replied the critic.

"Then you had no particular meaning in the terms which you applied to my picture?" said the artist.

"None in the world; but if they have given you any offence I am very sorry for it," said the critic, he having forgot whether he had praised or abused Stipple's picture.

There is not so much as a homeopathic dose of celestial aura in the pleasure of being puffed. The pleasure of puffing is infinitely greater, for that is akin to benevolence, which is a celestial quality. It is one of the most refined degrees of cheating; and cheating is a pleasure which we all delight in.—Some men at their outset in life, hesitate for a moment and say, "to cheat or not to cheat;" but nobody hesitates about being cheated. 'Tis the common lot. Almost the only true pleasure. The man who has never been cheated has never been happy. Is not this world all a fleeting show, expressly formed for cheating in? So eager are we to be cheated that we cheat ourselves. The miser who picked his own pocket to add a guinea to his store, it has been well observed, is a type of all men. If we gave up cheating ourselves, more than half the trades and professions would be ruined. It is the habit of self-deception which causes us to be so easily duped by others. The only person whose motives we do not scrutinize, whose professions we do not doubt, is ourself. When we go to judgment nothing will astonish us more than a knowledge of ourselves; we shall be prepared for everybody's sins but our own. My neighbor, who sees me but once a week, knows that I am indolent, wasteful and proud; but all the while I think myself industrious, saving, and humble. As for him, his niggardliness, and hypocrisy are the talk of the whole country; but he remarked the other day that his donations were bringing him to the poor-house.

We have already taken up too much of the reader's time to afford space for all the earthly pleasures that might be enumerated; but we believe, in a reverent faith, that there are as many pleasures in this life as in the next, if we had the sense to enjoy them. The blight upon the happiness of the world is sin, and sin is ignorance. Wisdom and pleasure are synonymous words in the Bible. The body is unquestionably a clog to the keenest perceptions of which the soul is capable, but if it blunt the edge of our pleasures, it does the same to our pains. When the preacher declared that all here was vanity, he only meant all vain employments. Love to God, charity, mercy, pity, conjugal love, friendship, the sweets of industry, the delights of a pure life, the innocent enjoyments of rural occupations, the satisfaction of a right use of our talents, the placidity of a quiet conscience, are all earthly pleasures, they are not vain, for we shall enjoy the same in Heaven, and the zest of their enjoyment will be heightened by the recollection of their enjoyment here. But men will frequently seek enjoyment in objects which they know will yield them none; they will do so, too, even while they caution others against the same conduct. Joseph Andrews was justly astonished in observing that fashionable people thought to gain the respect of their friends by filling their houses with costly furniture, while they laughed at their neighbors for doing the same thing. There is probably not a lady in Broadway who feels the slightest degree of respect, or veneration, or love, or friendship, for the stock in trade of any upholsterer between Union Square and Bowling Green, and yet there is hardly a lady in the same distance that will not pride herself on the possession of a new suit of curtains, or a set of rosewood chairs. The chairs and curtains will give pleasure to nobody, but the cost of them might produce inconceivable happiness if dispersed among the poor and needy.

We look at a fine house, a fine picture, or a fine park, and admire them; perhaps we inquire the name of the artist who produced them; but we never bestow a thought on their owner. If we wish to look at handsome furniture we can drop in at Boudoine's or Meeks'. Mrs. Johnson is not elevated a hair's-breadth in our esteem for having the articles in her drawing-room, which we saw exposed in an auction-room last week. What do we care whether Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown be the owner of a picture by Page, or of a statue by Powers? All our love and admiration are bestowed upon the artists and their works, not upon Mr. Jones or Mr. Brown, whom we like or dislike without any regard to their property, which may pass into other hands to-morrow. But Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown expect to receive pleasure from possessing things which would afford none if they were not possessed.

Swedenborg has not designated the nature of the four hundred and seventy-eight pleasures experienced by the dwellers in the lower heaven, where that number are found, but there is one which he mentions in another place, that exactly resembles one of the grand pleasures of this lower world. It is the delight of a parent's heart upon the entrance into life of the first-born. Is there conception in this pleasure? Is it of the earth, earthly? or is it not pure and celestial, free from all taint of selfishness and sin? Speaking of infants in heaven, Swedenborg says, "*when they entered, the flowers above the entrance glittered most joyfully.*" Will not all parents whose little ones have been taken from them put faith in Swedenborg? But while those celestial flowers glittered with joy in heaven, what blackness and anguish issued from the portals through which the innocents had passed hence. We are not among the disciples of Swedenborg, but it is not the smallest of our pleasures to suffer the sweet delusion of faith in his revelation concerning the state of infants in Heaven:

"How all things are insinuated into them by delightful and pleasant things, which are suited to their genius, has been also shown to me, for it was given me to see infants handsomely clothed, having around the breast garlands of flowers, resplendent with the most beautiful and heavenly colors, and likewise around their tender arms. Once it was also given me to see infants with their tutoresses, together with virgins, in a paradisaical garden beautifully adorned, not so much with trees as with laurel espaliers, and this porticos with paths conducting towards the interior parts; the infants themselves were then clothed in like manner, and when they entered, the flowers above the entrance glittered most joyfully. Hence it may be manifest what delights they have, and also that by things pleasant and delightful they are introduced into the goods of innocence and charity, which goods are by those things continually insinuated into them from the Lord."

If we believe in this, shall we not be more solicitous to get to Heaven that we may know, and converse with the tutoress who has been charged with the precious care of our little boy? H. F.

"THE HALLS OF THE MONTEZUMAS."

We take the following from Waddy Thompson's "Recollections of Mexico." As the Standard does not circulate among the "booted loafers" who are to "riot" in these Halls, we can publish the description without the fear of doing any mischief. Did the "Democracy" of this great country of ours really know the amount of wealth hoarded there, patriotism would rise 100 per cent:

The city of Mexico is said to be the finest built city on the American continent. In some respects it certainly is so. In the principal streets, the houses are constructed according to the strictest architectural rules. The foundations of the city were laid, and the first buildings were erected, by Cortez, who did everything well which he attempted—from building a house or writing a couplet, to conquering an empire. Many of the finest buildings in Mexico are still owned by his descendants. The public square is said to be unsurpassed by any in the world; it contains some twelve or fifteen acres paved with stone. The cathedral covers one entire side,—the palace, another; the western side is occupied by a row of very high and substantial houses, the second stories of which project into the street the width of the pavement; the lower stories are occupied by the principal retail merchants of the city. The most of these houses were built by Cortez, who with his characteristic sagacity and avarice, which equally characterized him in the latter part of his life, selected the best portion of the city for himself.

The President's palace, formerly the palace of the viceroys, is an immense building, of three stories high, about five hundred feet in length, and three hundred and fifty wide; it stands on the site of the palace of Montezuma. It is difficult to conceive of so much stone and mortar being put together in a less tasteful and imposing shape; it has much more the appearance of a cotton factory, or a penitentiary, than what it really is; the windows are small, and a parapet wall runs the whole length of the building, with nothing to relieve the monotony of its appearance except some very indifferent ornamental work in the centre; there are no doors in the front of either the second or third stories—nothing but disproportionately small windows, and too many of them; the three doors, and there are only three in the lower story, are destitute of all architectural beauty or ornament. Only a very small part of this palace is appropriated to the residence of the President; the public offices are here, including those of the heads of the different departments; ministers of war, foreign relations, finance and justice, the public treasury, &c. &c.

The streets of Mexico are uncommonly wide, much more so than is necessary, considering that they are not obstructed, as in our cities, by drays and wagons. The side-walks are uncommonly narrow. The streets are all paved with round stone; the side-walks with very rough flat ones. The houses on the principal streets are all two and three stories high. The elevation of the rooms, from the floor to the ceiling, eighteen and twenty feet, gives to a house of two stories, a greater height than we are accustomed to see in houses of three.

The roofs are all terraced, and have parapet walls of three or four feet high, answering all the purposes of a breast-work, a use too commonly made of them in the frequent revolutions to which that unfortunate country seems to be forever destined. The walls are built of rough stones of all shapes and sizes, and large quantities of lime mortar. They are very thick; in ordinary buildings, from two to three feet, and in the largest edifices, of much greater massiveness. The foundations of most of the larger buildings are made with piles. Even these foundations are very insecure, and it is surprising that they are not more so, with such an immense weight of stone upon such an unsteady foundation. The streets cross each other at right angles, dividing the whole city into squares. Each one of these squares is called a street, and has a separate name; a serious inconvenience to a stranger in the city. Instead of designating the street in its whole extent by one name, and numbering the houses, each side of the square has a different name, and names which sound, to Protestant ears, very much like a violation of the third article of the Decalogue; such as the street of Jesus, and the street of the Holy Ghost. A gentleman will tell you that he lives in the Holy Ghost, or that he lives in Jesus; certainly not always true, if taken in the sense in which our preachers use these words. In most of these streets there is a church which gives name to the street in which it stands. In many instances, these churches and convents, (that of San Augustine, for example,) cover the whole square, not with separate buildings, but one single edifice, with the usual patio or court, an open space in the centre.

The Cathedral occupies the site of the great idol temple of Montezuma. It is five hundred feet long by four hundred and twenty wide. It would be superfluous to add another to the many descriptions of this famous building which have already been published. Like all the other churches in Mexico, it is built in the Gothic style. The walls, of several feet in thickness, are made of unhewn stone and lime. Upon entering it, one is apt to recall the wild fictions of the Arabian Nights; it seems as if the wealth of empires was collected there. The clergy in Mexico do not, for obvious reasons, desire that their wealth should be made known to its full extent; they are, therefore, not disposed to give very full information upon the subject, or to exhibit the gold and silver vessels, vases, precious stones, and other forms of wealth; quite enough is exhibited to strike the beholder with wonder. The first object that presents itself, on entering the cathedral, is the altar, near the centre of the building; it is made of highly-wrought and highly-polished silver, and covered with a profusion of ornaments of pure gold. On each side of the altar runs a balustrade, enclosing a space about eight feet wide, and eighty or a hundred feet long. The balusters are about four feet high, and four inches thick in the largest part; the hand-rail from six to eight inches wide. Upon the top of this hand-rail, at the distance of six or eight feet apart, are human images, beautifully wrought, and about two feet high. All these, the balustrade, handrail, and images, are made of a compound of gold, silver, and copper—more valuable than silver. I was told that an offer had been made to take this balustrade, and replace with another of exactly the size and work-manship, of pure silver, and to give half a million of dollars besides. There is much more of the same balustrade in other parts of the church; I should think in all of it, not less than three hundred feet.

As you walk through the building, on either side there are different apartments, all filled from the floor to the ceiling, with paintings, statues, vases, huge candlesticks, waiters, and a thousand other articles, made of gold or silver. This, too, is only the every-day display of articles of least value; the more costly are stored away in chests and closets. What must it be, when all these are brought out, with the immense quantities of precious stones which the Church is known to possess? And this is only one of the churches of the city of Mexico, where there are between sixty and eighty others, and some of them possessing little less wealth than the cathedral; and it must also be remembered, that all the other large cities, such as Puebla, Guadalajara, Guanajuato, Zacatecas, Durongo, San Louis, Potosi, have each a proportionate number of equally gorgeous establishments. It would be the wildest and most random conjecture, to attempt an estimate of the amount of the precious metals thus withdrawn from the useful purposes of the currency of the world, and wasted in these barbaric ornaments, as incompatible with good taste as they are with the humility which was the most striking feature in the character of the Founder of our religion, whose chosen instruments were the lowly and humble, and who himself regarded as the highest evidence of his divine mission, the fact that "to the poor the Gospel was preached." I do not doubt but there is enough of the precious metals in the different churches of Mexico, to relieve, sensibly, the pressure upon the currency of the world, which has resulted from the diminished production of the mines, and the increased quantity which has been appropriated to purposes of luxury, and to pay the cost of much more tasteful decorations in architecture and statuary, made of mahogany and marble.

But the immense wealth which is thus collected in the churches, is not by any means all, or even the largest portion, of the wealth of the Mexican church and clergy. They own very many of the finest houses in Mexico, and other cities, (the rents of which must be enormous,) besides valuable real estates, all over the republic. Almost every person leaves a bequest in his will for masses for his soul, which constitutes an incumbrance upon the estate, and thus nearly all the estates of the small proprietors are mortgaged to the Church. The property held in the Church in mortmain is estimated at fifty millions.

From the Ohio Standard.

A FABLE NOT TO BE FOUND IN ANY EDITION OF ÆSOP.

The Tiger and the Jackal had been hunting for several seasons together, when at length they became seized with a passion for new hunting-grounds. They looked with special desire upon certain fair regions in the South and West. The country to the South was possessed chiefly by inoffensive and unwarlike animals, and was an easy conquest. When they had gained possession, the Jackal proposed a division. The Tiger listened with a growl. "This region," said he, "is peculiarly adapted to my tastes and habits, and I must have it all." The Jackal grumbled, but not having spirit enough to resist, reluctantly acquiesced. "But there's that Western country," thought he, "that will be mine—and so I shall be compensated at last." He reminded the Tiger of their agreement to possess themselves of both countries. The Tiger acknowledged it, and they set out on the expedition of conquest. As they approached the border of the coveted Western region, they heard the roar of a Lion, who had got there before them, and appeared determined to maintain his possession. Suddenly the Tiger was seized with a trembling. "I have come to the conclusion," said he, "that this strip of land up here is not worth contending about after all. Besides my *domestic* affairs require my attention at home. Really, friend Jackal, you must excuse me from going any farther just now. In fact, I am satisfied that our best policy is to do nothing at all. If we pursue a course of masterly inactivity for a few years the country will be ours." The Jackal remonstrated. The Tiger turned up his nose at him. The Jackal reminded him of their agreement. The Tiger had forgotten all about it. The Jackal upbraided him with treachery. The Tiger bid him help himself as he best might, turned on his heel, and was off.

MORAL.—When slaveholders and Northern Locos set out to hunt for new territories, it is quite likely Texas will be annexed, but—*where's Oregon.*

IMPORTANT—POTATO ROT.

PENN FOREST, Carbon Co. Pa. May 9.

To the Editor of the Saturday Courier:—

DEAR SIR:—I observed in your paper of the 11th of April, 1846, at or near the bottom of the sixth column of the fourth page, an article headed thus: "Potato Rot—a Curious Fact." I here quote the article:—"In the latter part of the summer of 1844, a farmer of the township of Lincoln, Addison county, Vermont, was quite behind his neighbors in cutting his grass in his meadow. At night, some waggish boys went into one of his meadows, and cut down all the grass in it. They also went into his potato patch, and cut a few swaths through it. When the time came for digging, his potatoes were found principally rotten, except where the boys had mowed off the tops. Those were found to be sound and good. This experiment would seem to show that the rot or disease begins in the tops, and suggests as the means of saving a crop, to apply the scythe as soon as the tops begin to die."—*Cultivator.*

"Strange as this may appear, it is well worth experimenting upon.—[Ed. Courier."

Allow me now to state another fact, in corroboration of the above, which was communicated to a neighbor of mine, Mr. Aquilla E. Albright. His statement was in substance as follows, viz:—In the summer of 1844, Mr. Albright, on looking over his potato patch, discovered some of the tops to appear as if frost bitten, and examining the young potatoes, he found they had just begun to rot, there being, here and there, a small speck on them. From this he came to the conclusion that the disease was in the atmosphere, and attacked the tops first, and then the roots.

When the time came to dig his potatoes, he found many of them much diseased, and during fall and winter most of them rotted. In the summer of 1845, he determined to watch his potatoes, and if he discovered any symptoms of the same disease, to take a scythe and mow all the tops off. About a week after blossoming time, he saw strong symptoms of the same disease, on the tops first and roots afterwards. He,